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Faithfully yours
Anna Wayne Eldredge

BENNIE BRIGHTON

By

ANNA WAYNE ELDREDGE

UNITY SCHOOL
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Price \$2.00, by mail \$2.25

Published and For Sale by

ANNA WAYNE ELDREDGE

P. O. Box 367

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This Book is Lovingly Dedicated
to
All of God's Children
Everywhere

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

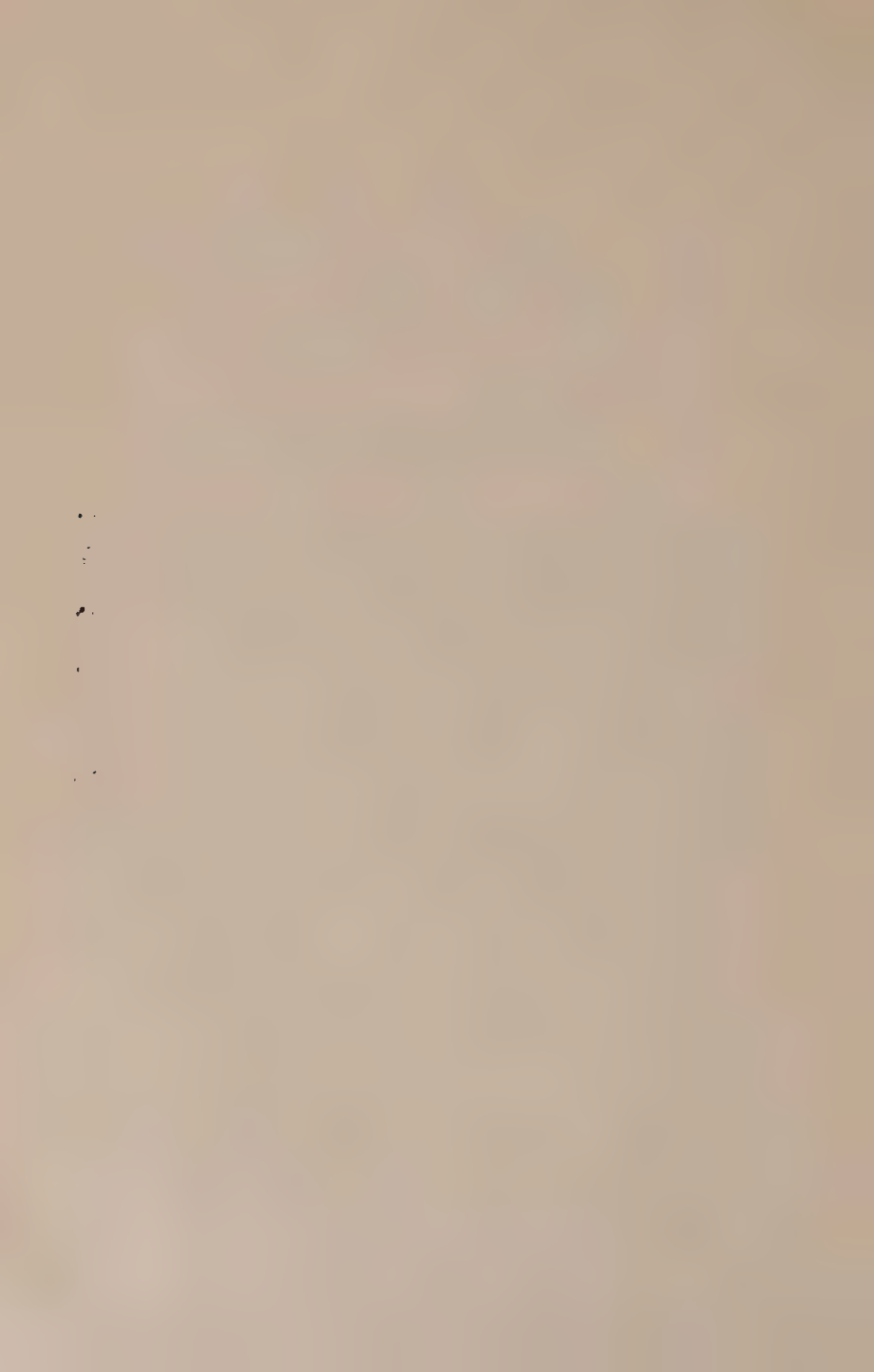
"He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

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INTRODUCTION

IN ORDER that you, dear Reader, may receive the message which this book contains for you, and be blessed thereby, the Author asks that you set aside all prejudice and let yourself enjoy the story to the end. It is based on the teachings of Jesus Christ.

Many of the incidents are taken from real life and the healings are mostly testimonies from actual experience. Many of the characters are real people and the animals are all real pets.

If the reading of this book brings to you a clearer understanding of God, of yourself, and of your fellow man; if it answers one question that has been a stumbling block to your spiritual unfoldment, then let us together pray that the seed thus sown may take root and flourish like unto the mustard seed of old.

If your body or your affairs seem broken or filled with discord, if things look dark to you and you seem to be out of harmony with the world, if you believe that God is good to other people but that he has forsaken you—just stop! look! listen!

No matter who you are or what your condition in life may be, all things are possible with God. Open your consciousness to receive this message and the Spirit of Truth within you shall make you FREE.

This book has been written under inspiration and its purpose is to heal, to encourage, to illumine, to prosper, and to bless YOU.

“According to your faith be it unto you.”

Lovingly yours, in the Master's service,

ANNA WAYNE ELDREDGE.

Bennie Brighton

CHAPTER I

The Invitation

"MOTHER, I do want to go to Ruth's party! You've been promising me for months that I could go to a party, and now here is another invitation and still you say, 'Wait a while!' I'm tired of it and this time I want to go! I've never been to a real party in all my life, and when I hear Lois and Barbara and the rest of the children talk about the good times they've had, it just makes me think you are real mean not to let me go and have a good time, too."

With this burst of reproachful indignation, Bennie flung his books on the table, threw himself on the couch, and sobbed aloud. In his hand was a wrinkled paper, the remnants of a dainty note that had been enclosed in a small pink envelope bearing the name, "Bennie Brighton." For several days he had treasured this, and over and over he had smoothed out the crumpled note and read:

"You are cordially invited to attend the birthday party of Ruth Wilson, Saturday, May first, at 2 o'clock."

Mrs. Brighton did not reply. She was seated in a low rocking chair with a large basket of mending by her side, and when Bennie came in from school

she was repairing his well-worn clothing. Her face became very sad; her eyes filled with tears and the garment she was mending fell to her lap. For a few minutes she sat with folded hands, and Bennie's sobbing was the only sound in the room. Her thoughts flew back to the days when her children were happy and carefree, enjoying all the natural pleasures of childhood; but now all was different. As she recalled the events leading up to her present condition, the tears trickled down her thin, pale cheeks and she sighed softly as she realized that Bennie was too young to remember any of those good times.

Yes, ten years ago they were a happy family. Thomas Brighton was a kind and indulgent husband and father and was greatly beloved by all who knew him. They owned a very pretty home in the suburbs, the scene of many a garden party, and the young people of the neighborhood enjoyed nothing better than an afternoon or evening at the Brighton home.

Mrs. Brighton drew her hand across her eyes as if to brush away those memories.

Bennie was the youngest of five children. He was a mere baby when they left their home for a small cottage in town, and, although he had been told many times of the days gone by, he did not understand what this change had meant to them all. He often wondered where his father and his two little brothers really were. He believed they were somewhere. His mother told him they had gone to heaven to be with God, but that seemed such a long way off he did not

like to think about it. And then, if they were happy, as his mother said they were, why did she cry every time she talked about them? These things puzzled him but Dr. Brewster, their pastor, said it was God's will and he must not ask any more questions about it.

Bennie was a real boy, and the fact that their home had been sacrificed to meet the demands of the family, or that his mother's health had failed, had hitherto made little impression on his young mind. His sister Bertha spent most of her time on the couch or in the big rocker, but he was used to that. She never complained, and he loved to sit on a low stool at her feet and listen to the stories that she told so beautifully; in fact these were his happiest hours, for he dearly loved his invalid sister.

Mrs. Brighton finally wiped away the tears, folded the piece on her lap and stepped to the window. It was a beautiful afternoon. The sun was shining through the trees that partially shaded the window, the birds were singing their sweetest songs, and merry groups of children were playing here and there.

Bennie watched her every movement. He was usually very obedient, for he tried to please his mother in every way, but in this instance there was a sense of injustice in his heart that he could not repress. He was so set on going to Ruth's party that he could see no reasonable excuse for being refused.

After some minutes his mother turned from the window, placed a chair by the couch, sat down beside him, and gently laid her hand on his head.

"Bennie," she said, "I feel very badly to disappoint you, for I love to see my children happy. Your clothes are not suitable to wear to any party, and I am especially particular about your going to the home of Mrs. Wilson. Your shoes are breaking out, your trousers are patched in several places, and even your stockings are very shabby. Leonard is a good boy and is doing all he can for us, but because of your sick sister, it is difficult to provide even proper food for the family, and Bertha must have what her health requires. I cannot allow you to leave school at present for you must have an education; but Mr. Steen will take you into his store during vacation, and the money you earn will help buy the clothes you need. Now be mother's good boy, and please do not tease me any more about this party. I am proud of my little son and it makes my heart ache to have to refuse him this innocent pleasure; but never mind, dear, some day things will be different.

Bennie knew that what his mother said about his clothes was true, but, as he wore them to school, it had not occurred to him that they should keep him from attending the party. He loved the Wilson children and he knew they would be greatly disappointed. He was a favorite at school and he felt sure that no one ever noticed his clothes.

While his mother was talking, an idea came to Bennie and he could hardly wait to tell it to her. He had turned so that he was looking directly into her face and, for the first time, he noticed her pained, careworn look.



Bennie's Disappointment

Her frail hand still lay on his head and when she finished speaking he jumped to his feet, threw his arms about her neck and said, "Yes, I'll be mother's good boy, but it's awful hard work this time. But say, Mother,—if I can earn a suit before Saturday, will you let me go?"

"My darling child! Bless your little heart, nothing could make me happier. The one thing I desire more than anything else just now, is to again see you neatly dressed. I have no other reason for refusing you. Ruth and Coit are as fine children as I ever knew; but today is Tuesday and you cannot possibly earn enough to buy a suit before Saturday. I met Mr. Steen this morning and he asked if you could help him after school. He wants you to call at his house this evening. But do you think you can—"

"Oh Mother, there comes Coit Wilson now!" interrupted Bennie as he made a dash for the door to meet his little friend.

"Hello, Coit!"

"Hello, Ben! Mother sent me over with this note. Good afternoon, Mrs. Brighton; I have a note for you from my mother, and she would like an answer as soon as convenient."

Mrs. Brighton returned to the window, and her eyes blurred again as she read:

"Dear Mrs. Brighton,

Ruth declares that her party will not be complete without you and Bertha. I can send the car for you about ten o'clock Saturday morn-

ing, and I am sure we can make Bertha perfectly comfortable. Please do not disappoint us—we want you.

Sincerely your friend,

MYRTLE WILSON."

The note fell to the floor. Mrs. Brighton dropped into a chair by the window, and as she did so she noticed the two boys in very earnest conversation on the front walk. She could not hear what they were saying, but she knew they were planning something, and she seemed to sense a new hope springing up in her heart. Her troubles had appeared greater than she could bear and she often questioned why God should so punish her. She had tried to live a Christian life and had been an active worker in the church as long as her health would permit. She had been a faithful and tireless wife and mother, and yet she felt that she had been stripped of everything that would make life pleasant, and she knew not which way to turn for help. Such thoughts as these rushed through her perplexed mind during these few trying moments. "But," she reasoned, "if this is God's will, I must be patient and carry my burden." She breathed a silent prayer for strength and understanding, and something seemed to say to her, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." "Ask what ye will in my Name, and it shall be done unto you."

Having delivered the note, Coit turned to Ben-nie and said, "Come on over to the park, Ben; there's

a bunch of us over there and we're having all kinds of fun."

"Wish I could, Coit, but I can't this afternoon; I've got some important business to attend to," answered Bennie.

"Important business! That sounds interesting—Tell me about it."

"Oh, I'll tell you about it some other time, but I don't like to now," said Bennie. "I wish I had a lawn mower."

"A lawn mower!" cried Coit. "What in the world would you do with a lawn mower? There isn't a blade of grass on this place, and surely you can't cut rose bushes and berry vines with a lawn mower. I should think a pair of pruning shears would be more useful;—but say, we've got both, and I'm sure mother will lend them to you. Tell me what you're up to, Ben, and I'll ask her—come on, sure I will."

Bennie hesitated. Should he let Coit into his secret? But there was the lawn mower he needed, offered without even having to ask for it. He was about to tell the whole story when Coit proved too quick for him. "I'll bet I know—you're looking for a job—and say, Ben, if that's it, try Mason's, for their grass hasn't been cut for a month, and they live near us, too. Ned used to keep the place fine, but since he went away, Mrs. Mason has had hard work to take care of it. Own up now—am I right? I think that would be fine,—and I'll help you."

"Well, Coit, I'll tell you. Yes, you're right, for I must have work every day this week and if I can get

a lawn mower, I believe I can make it. You see, it's like this; I want to go to Ruth's party Saturday, and Mother won't let me go because my clothes are so shabby. If I can earn a suit before Saturday, I can go—see?"

"Gee whiz! That's some job for sure! But say, Ben, let's demonstrate a suit. That's what Mother does all the time when she wants things—and she gets them, too."

"Demonstrate! What do you mean, Coit? This is no joke,—I want to go to that party."

"I'm not joking, Ben. Mother does demonstrate,—and honest, it seems as if the fairies hear her, for things come to her in the strangest ways and she gets everything she wants."

"But, how does she do it? What does she do?"

"Well, she goes away all by herself, usually, and goes into the silence. She—"

"What's the silence?" interrupted Bennie.

"Why, the silence is just getting very still inside and not thinking about things around you at all. It's just like going inside of yourself. She goes into the silence and then she talks to God and tells him what she wants just as if she were talking to Daddy or to Edna, and she thanks him for giving it to her before she even gets it. She thought I was asleep on her couch the other day when she wanted to find something she had lost. I kept as still as a mouse and I heard every word she said."

"Oh, what did she say? Tell me about it!" cried Bennie, now all excited.

"I can't say it the way she did, but she told Spirit all about a belt to one of her dresses that she had been hunting for. She wanted to wear the dress that evening and she couldn't wear it without the belt. I know she said, 'Now, Spirit, you know just where that belt is and you know I need it today, so you are going to show me right where to look for it, and I thank you for finding it for me.'"

"But Coit, first you said she talked to God, and now you say she talked to Spirit. What is Spirit?"

"Why God is Spirit. Mother says that Spirit is the real definition of God, and she tells me that I am Spirit also, because I am made after His image and likeness; but I don't understand that very well myself. Some day we will look in Mother's big dictionary and find out just what Spirit is—maybe that will help us."

"That is interesting; but what about the belt?" asked Bennie rather anxiously.

"Oh yes—well, Mother went down stairs to help Edna, and in a few minutes a lady called. They visited a long time. I know, because I was watching for that belt myself. When she left, Mother went back upstairs; and Ben, she went right straight to the linen closet, took down a pile of sheets, and there in that pile of sheets, was her belt. I could hardly believe my eyes. I didn't dare say a word for I wasn't supposed to know anything about it; but, as I started down stairs, I heard Mother say, 'Father, I thank Thee.' Now that's the truth, Ben. I saw that demonstration myself."

“But what made your mother look among the sheets for her belt? Did she remember putting it there?”

“Why no, Bennie, that’s just what I’m telling you about. Mother didn’t put it there and she didn’t know where it was, but Spirit did; and when she asked Spirit to find it for her, she forgot all about it herself and something within her told her to go to the linen closet. It does seem strange, I know, and I’ve asked Mother to explain this to me. She says there is but one real Mind, the God Mind, and that this Mind is in every one of us. She says that this Mind shows men how to invent things and write books and, oh, do most anything. She has told me lots of stories of how it has helped people. It is funny that they do not say more about it in our school books. It is sometimes almost like a fairy story.

“Our history tells about Elias Howe inventing the sewing machine, but this story is not nearly so interesting as the one mother tells about it. She says that after he had invented the machine, he worked very long and hard to invent a needle that would sew. Finally, one night, when he was very tired and discouraged, he fell asleep and dreamed of a needle that had the eye in the point. He awoke and immediately went to his forge and made one, and then tried it out in his machine and it worked perfectly. Now, Mother says that the God Mind within him which knows everything showed him the picture of a needle that would work.

"Anyway, I think I know how that belt got into the pile of sheets. I saw Edna sorting out the laundry on Mother's bed, and as she piled up the sheets the belt must have been on the bed and got between them. But say, Ben, if we're going to cut a lawn this afternoon we'd better get busy."

With that the two boys rushed into the house to see if the note was ready, and startled Mrs. Brighton, who was still sitting by the window as if in prayer or deep meditation. Stepping to a small writing desk, she sat down, placed her paper before her, dipped her pen into the ink and again lapsed into meditation. After several minutes she wrote:

"My dear Mrs. Wilson, I thank you very sincerely for your kind invitation, but must ask a little time before giving the answer you desire. At present, I can see no possible way of accepting, either for myself or the children.

Very cordially yours,

KATHERINE M. BRIGHTON."

She folded the note carefully, handed it to Coit, and said, "Thank you, dear, I think your mother will understand." Then returning to the low rocker, she was soon busy with the garment she was mending when Bennie entered the room.

Bennie started out with Coit, and as they came to the Mason home, they saw that Mrs. Mason was out in the yard looking things over. She was trying to trim the grass with sheep shears and was delighted to have the boys clean things up for her. Mrs.

Wilson was very willing to lend them the tools, and the lawn mower was soon at work. Bennie ran the machine while Coit trimmed the edges. They raked up the leaves, swept off the walks, and carried the trash to the back yard. The park was forgotten, and when their work was done, Mrs. Mason handed Bennie a dollar, declaring the lawn looked just as well as it did when Ned cut it.

Two very happy boys pushed the lawn mower home. Bennie offered to share with Coit, but Coit refused to take a cent. "I am going to help you make your demonstration, Ben," he said, "and if you will believe hard enough, you can do it!—and you will have your suit for Saturday."

"Well, I must hurry home now for I am going out after supper," replied Bennie. "But I want to know more about demonstrating. I'll believe, all right, for I know you wouldn't fool me. I know you're telling me the truth."

As Coit said good-night, he pulled a little card out of his pocket, handed it to Bennie, and said, "Maybe this will help you, Ben; it has helped me a lot; I say it ever so many times every day."

Bennie tucked the little card into his pocket and started home on the run. All sense of disappointment about the party had left him and he felt that in some way, his fondest hopes would be realized.

CHAPTER II

Coit Talks With His Mother

AFTER carefully replacing the lawn mower and shears, Coit closed the tool-house door and went into the house. He went directly to his mother's room, drew a stool up to her chair and sat down. Mrs. Wilson was so absorbed in the book she was reading that she did not hear him enter, but as he sat down she looked at him tenderly and said, "Well, dearie, how does Mrs. Mason's lawn look?"

"Just fine—but say, Mother, do you know I feel awfully sorry for Ben! Here we have everything we want; a nice home, everybody well and happy, and we just enjoy life; and there's the Brighton family up against it mighty hard in every way, and they're good people, too. It don't seem right, Ma.—What's the matter that some folks have all they want and others don't have anything?—and as far as I can see, they are just as good as we are. Mrs. Brighton always seems to be dreaming about something; she looks so sad and her thoughts are way off somewhere, for she fairly jumps if you speak to her suddenly. She's awfully nice, but she isn't a bit like you, Ma—and she don't act like you."

"You should never compare others with your mother, dear, nor criticise others. You know what I have told you about this, for criticism is one of the 'little foxes that spoil the vines.' Mrs. Brighton is an ex-

cellent woman. The Brighton family have had what is commonly called hard luck. But the fact of the matter is, there is no such thing as luck; nothing happens by chance, as many believe. The place they are in now is the result of their past thoughts. We make our own conditions by our thoughts, and the only remedy for the Brighton family is to change their way of thinking. 'As a man thinketh in his heart so is he,' and this applies to all of our affairs as well."

"A long time ago," continued Mrs. Wilson, "I tried to talk with Mrs. Brighton and explain these things to her, hoping to help the family by leading them into the Truth; but I soon found that she was not ready for it. She is a good Christian woman and thinks she knows God. But she believes in a God that brings affliction upon some of his children and bestows all the comforts of life upon others; and, because she believes such to be God's will, she tries to be reconciled to it. She told me, however, that she had prayed continually for many years for health for herself and Bertha, and for an easier life. Like many other people, she believes that it is possible through prayer to make God change his mind. God is changeless, and it is never His Will that anyone should lack any good thing. Instead of counting her blessings, Mrs. Brighton continually recounts her grievances and looks for more, so it is no wonder that she is manifesting such things in her body and affairs, for she is drawing them to herself.

“Just as soon as she is willing to change her way of thinking and to fill her mind and heart with thoughts of health instead of sickness, faith and trust instead of fear, abundance instead of poverty, and satisfaction instead of endurance, and by so doing bring real joy and peace into her life, it will react in her affairs and changes will come to her that she knows not of.

“Always remember, dear, that all changes for the better begin first in right thinking. A thought seed planted in the mind produces after its kind, just as surely as seeds that we plant in the ground. No farmer would think of sowing rye if he wished to raise wheat. Very few people understand the power of their own thoughts, for either good or bad. It is as impossible for a mind to be filled with happiness while it is constantly dwelling on thoughts of unhappiness as it would be for a field to produce golden wheat when it had been all sown over with other kind of seeds. Another great Truth is this: our thoughts are very magnetic, and they constantly draw to themselves other thoughts of their own kind. You remember that beautiful little poem written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox about this, do you not?”

“Oh yes, Mother, I can say it,” replied Coit, quite proud to have remembered it:

‘You never can tell what your thoughts will do,
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swift as a carrier dove.

They follow the course of the Universe;
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er the track and bring you back
Whatever went out of your mind.'

"And Mother, I understand it better now than I did at first, for I see how it works out. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes, Son, and that is just why some people have more than others. They give more to the world in their thoughts. They send out thoughts of joy and of course joy comes back to them. They send out thoughts of love and love comes back to them. They send out thoughts of prosperity, and prosperity comes back to them. They receive every desire of the heart just in the proportion that they think the Good. And since our thoughts are so magnetic, the good always comes back to us multiplied. That is why it seems so much easier for some to be happy and prosperous than it does for others, for they are constantly drawing to themselves the happy and prosperous thoughts that are leaving happy and prosperous minds, or the unhappy and poverty-stricken thoughts that are leaving unhappy and poverty-stricken minds. You remember Jesus said, 'To him that hath it shall be given,' and this applies to all alike. To those who have happy thoughts more happy thoughts are given, and to those that have unhappy thoughts more unhappy thoughts are given. But, since we all have the power of choice, how foolish it is for people to think into their lives the very things they do not want.

“And another thing, the face is a mirror that reflects the kind of thoughts that one is in the habit of thinking. The sweet, gentle, loving smile is always the result of sweet, gentle, loving thoughts. Mother wants you to be just as careful of your thoughts as you are of your words, for they are filled with life. When I was a little girl, I learned a poem that illustrates this nicely:

“TAKE CARE

Little children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
Cross and cruel, and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
And some ugly thoughts contrive,
And my word will come to pass
Just as sure as you're alive!

What you have and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back;
So, my little folks, take care!

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view;
All beholders as they pass,
Will perceive and know them, too.

Goodness shows in blushes bright,
Or in eyelids dropping down,
Like a violet from the light;
Badness is a sneer or frown.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,
Every root of beauty starts;
So think less about your curls,
More about your minds and hearts.

Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For, as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.' "

"Oh Mother, how do you remember things so well?" asked Coit.

"That is what memory does when it is well trained," answered his mother. "When we want to learn anything it is very important that we memorize it thoroughly. Lessons half learned are soon forgotten. When I was teaching, children would often say, 'I know it but I can't think of it.' This is not so. Memory is just as dependable as we train it to be and a lesson that is so quickly forgotten was never thoroughly learned.

This poem has come to my mind many times since I was a child and by repeating it occasionally it has been indelibly stamped upon my memory. But now about the Brighton family—, I am certain in my own mind that if I could talk to Bertha alone for a little while, she would become greatly interested in the power that thought has over the body, and would be healed by the power of the Christ Mind which is in everyone. Mrs. Brighton will not allow a word to be said to the dear girl, and tells her it is God's will. I am holding very strong thoughts that they may learn to desire and to believe only in that which is good and true. When you think of them, dear, do not think of the conditions that you see with your human eyes, but know they are God's perfect children, enjoying perfect health and prosperity. You should always remember that only the Good is true."

"I know, Mother, and what you say is wonderful; but they are so poor," pleaded Coit. "Bennie says that Leonard is looking for a better job because they can't live on his salary; and Leonard can't keep any of his money to use for himself at all, because it takes every cent for the family. Ben has no clothes except the ones he wears to school and they are awfully patched. I have two or three suits better than his that are too small for me. I could give them to him for every day and I could spare one good suit, too. I am sure they will fit him,—may I, Ma?"

"I am glad to have you feel that way, darling, and I will look your clothes over; but that is not the

kind of help they need most. I will talk with Mrs. Brighton Saturday, and, if she will accept them, Bennie will be welcome to your clothes for play."

"Yes, but Mother," urged Coit again, "that's just what's the matter. Mrs. Brighton won't let Bennie come to the party because his clothes are so shabby, and I want to give him a better suit now. The poor boy is trying to earn enough money before Saturday to buy a suit."

"Mrs. Brighton would never allow Bennie to wear one of your suits to Ruth's party, nor would I humiliate her by suggesting it. That is not the way to demonstrate prosperity, dear. Your clothes will do for every day, but for better clothes, he must have a new suit. Now hurry and wash for dinner—your hands look as if you had been hoeing potatoes."

Coit looked at his hands as he got up, and put them behind him.

"I helped Ben with the lawn," he said. "I cut the grass and helped him rake. Mrs. Mason gave him a dollar and he tried to divide, but I wouldn't take it. I was glad I could help him and Mrs. Mason was very much pleased. We made a good job of it, and she said it couldn't look any better."

"That was right, darling; of course you would not take anything. We will do all we can to help them get a start. Now run along and give your hands a good scrubbing. Do not disturb me, for I want to be alone for a few minutes;" and, as Coit ran down stairs, Mrs. Wilson settled into a deep meditation.

Mrs. Brighton had been much on Mrs. Wilson's mind of late, for she knew that the Brighton family needed help, although she had not realized that things were so bad as Coit had pictured them. It was this thought that led to the invitation to the party. "If I can only open the avenues," she reasoned, "their needs will be met." She sought the guidance of Spirit continually, and now she felt sure she was doing the right thing in urging the whole family to be with them on Saturday. She had heard Mrs. Brighton's silent call for help and was ready to meet it as a messenger of Truth.

She knew that there was but one Power in the Universe; that sickness and poverty did not belong to God's Kingdom; that all mankind must live under the law of divine order and harmony, and she invoked Infinite Love and Wisdom to do their perfect work in the Brighton family.

CHAPTER III

A Guest for Dinner

AS THE family came together for the evening meal, the children were discussing their plans for the party. Mrs. Wilson entered the dining room just as Ruth said, "Marian and Lolita are coming!"

Marian and Lolita Evans were her dearest friends. They had been absent from school for a week, but Ruth had held firmly to the belief that they would be well for the party, and here was a note of acceptance.

"Oh, Mamma, Marian and Lolita are coming!" Ruth cried as soon as she spied her mother. "Buster just brought this note over, and he says they will be at school tomorrow. Isn't that fine? Goody! Goody! Goody!" and Ruth fairly danced for joy. "And say, Mother, may I go over and see them after school?"

"We will see tomorrow, darling. I am glad the children have responded so quickly to our treatment; and your holding the thought of health for them has helped more than you realize. Where is your father?"

"Daddy is in the library. A gentleman called a few minutes ago."

"Step very quietly to the library door, and ask him if his friend will have dinner with us."

Ruth did as she was requested, and an extra plate was placed on the table. This was such a com-

mon occurrence in the Wilson home that they were always prepared for a guest, and nothing suited the children better. They were never allowed to take part in the conversation when there were guests at the table, unless directly spoken to, but they enjoyed listening.

As Mr. Wilson and his friend entered the dining room, Mr. Wilson introduced Mr. Shepard to the family, and they took their places at the table. During the meal, the two men talked of public affairs, there being a number of improvements of particular interest under consideration. One of these was to be settled by a special election which had been called for the following day; this was of such vital importance to Mr. Shepard that he wished to talk it over with Mr. Wilson and other prominent citizens that evening.

Mr. Shepard was at the head of a large manufacturing plant, and Mr. Wilson owned the largest dry goods store in the city. This manufacturing plant was a new project which had been started by a wealthy company in the East, and Mr. Shepard had been appointed to take full charge of it. He employed over two hundred men and about fifty girls, and had the name of paying the largest salaries in that part of the country. He was a man of broad mind and a big heart, and he never allowed personal interests to influence his conduct toward his employees.

During a pause in the conversation, Mrs. Wilson said: "I am pleased to have this opportunity of talk-

ing with you, Mr. Shepard, for I am interested to know more of this new enterprise. Many excellent reports of your management have come to me."

"Thank you, Mrs. Wilson. We really do have but little trouble. Our greatest difficulty is to find *reliable* men. We have a very good working force now, but I need another man to work up to an especially responsible position. While we have a waiting list, not one of these men appears to be fitted for the place. Many of them are more interested in their pay than they are in their qualifications."

"How old a man do you need?" inquired Mrs. Wilson.

Ruth and Coit looked at each other with big eyes.

"Age makes no difference. I would prefer a young man, however, for this is a fine opening with every chance for advancement. Experience is not necessary if the man is reliable and capable; but I must have a man I can depend upon. You would be surprised to know how scarce they are."

"No, I am not surprised," said Mrs. Wilson. "I have heard that many times. We have our experiences also, although we employ mostly women; but one finds the same trouble everywhere. I believe, however, that I know just the young man you want. Although he is young, you can trust him anywhere. I have known him all his life, and I know of the responsibility that has rested upon him for years. He is the only support of a widowed mother, an invalid

sister, and a younger brother. He is now working for Rogers and Company, but his salary is not sufficient to meet the needs of the family, and they tell him they cannot afford to raise it. It is necessary for him to find another position at once, and I feel sure that he is worth more money than they are paying him. I refer to Leonard Brighton—you may know him. He began working for Rogers when he was just a little fellow after school and Saturdays, and when he took a permanent position, while he was still very young, he continued his education at night school. He is a great reader, I understand.”

“Is he the son of the late Thomas Brighton, who is so highly spoken of?” asked Mr. Shepard.

“Yes, he is the oldest of the family. Thomas Brighton was a man very highly respected throughout the city. He passed out about ten years ago, and they have had a hard time ever since. They lived in this neighborhood until circumstances compelled them to sell their home, when they rented a small cottage in town.”

“Where are they living now?” asked Mr. Shepard.

“They are not far from the box factory.” Mrs. Wilson gave the address and Mr. Shepard wrote it down in a note book which he replaced in his pocket.

“His mother is in very poor health and his sister has been an invalid for more than six years,” continued Mrs. Wilson. “Physicians give them no hope that she will recover. I do not feel that way about

it, but I do feel that some changes are necessary to the family before her improvement is probable, and this is the first step toward it. As our boys are great friends, I hear of them nearly every day. Mrs. Brighton is a good Christian woman, and nothing would encourage her so much as a position for Leonard that would enable them to live comfortably."

"I am deeply interested, Mrs. Wilson. Your recommendation is perfectly satisfactory, and I will look the young man up at once," replied Mr. Shepard.

Ruth and Coit were listening very intently. They were heartily glad when the chairs were pushed back from the table and the grown-ups returned to the library, as it did not seem to them that they could keep still much longer. As soon as the door was closed, the children made such a rush through the kitchen that Edna called after them to come back and shut the door. They almost tumbled over Maltie, the beautiful pet cat, as she and her two fuzzy babies, Topsy and Turvy, were enjoying their evening meal. Maltie was so astonished at the interruption that she bristled up her back and spit at them; but when she saw who had intruded upon her family circle, she was quite satisfied, and in a few minutes begged permission to follow the children out onto the porch.

Topsy and Turvy had a game of hide and seek around the porch chairs, ran to the top of the rocker and jumped to the railing, climbed up the pillar and backed down again, and finally jumped to the ground and went scampering off toward the garage. One of

them was in the lead, of course, but it is doubtful if Maltie herself knew which one it was, for so far as anyone had ever discovered, they were exactly alike, even to the color of their eyes.

In fact, Maltie's family had consisted of seven little fluffy babies, five of which had been given to friends as soon as they were old enough. All seven were exactly alike, except that these two were a trifle smaller than the others. They had been named Topsy and Turvy because when they played one was always on top; and they rolled over and over so persistently that they were always in a mix-up. They did not know their own names because nobody knew which was which, but when you called, "Topsy—Turvy" they both came on the jump.

Maltie was a very dignified mother, and sat watching their antics with an air of pride that was unmistakable. Sometimes she played with them so roughly that she made them squeal. Edna said she was teaching them to get over their baby ways and not to be cowards, but it seemed like very severe discipline.

"Say, what do you think of that for a demonstration! Leonard's got a job!—Leonard's got a job!" cried Coit, as he picked up his cap and threw it to the ceiling.

"Yes, Leonard's got a job all right, and a good one, too," replied Ruth; "and I'm awfully glad for him. When you think of it," and her face became very serious, "it's wonderful the way Spirit works,

as Mother so often says. Just see the way this has worked out. We couldn't have planned as well because we don't know about other people's affairs as Spirit does. It's just like somebody up in an aeroplane who can see everything all at once and knows just what things belong together."

"You mean that Spirit takes a birdseye view of things, don't you, Ruth?" interrupted Coit.

"Yes, that's it; Leonard wants a position, and he is over here," said Ruth; "then Mr. Shepard wants a good man, and he is over there," she added, pointing to a spot on the floor in quite the opposite direction. "Now, all that it is necessary to do is to bring them together. It's easy to see that, but how would we be able even to guess?"

"It don't seem to be much of a guessing game, does it, Sis?" answered Coit.

"No, it isn't a guessing game, and that's just why there are so many mistakes in business and homes—and, oh—everywhere. I see it all now. People do guess instead of letting Spirit guide them, and they nearly always guess wrong; then they have to get out of it the best way they can, and sometimes it makes a lot of trouble for everybody.

"And Oh, Coit, I have an idea. Daddy says that Spirit never makes mistakes. Now, if people would only wait until Spirit brought them together to get married, they wouldn't have to be divorced, would they?" said Ruth, laughing. "And this bringing things together settles another question in my mind."

"This is what Daddy meant when he said that demand and supply are equal. When you want something, someone else has it; and when you want to dispose of something, someone else wants it. He says this is a Law; but I never understood how it worked before. Now I see—just let Spirit take a bird's eye view of the whole situation, and the right things will be brought together just the way that Leonard and Mr. Shepard have been.

"Mr. Shepard was led to come here at just the right time and, of course, mother asked him to dinner. Then Mother was led to talk business, and—well—anyway, it has resulted in a fine position for Leonard, and Mr. Shepard has found just the man he was looking for—I am sure of that, too! Didn't that work out prettily? Just like some of those big problems in arithmetic that we have to analyze—only in this case the 'therefore' gives real pleasure to a real family, instead of all make-believe.

"It surely is wonderful when you think of it. You know Mother tells us that 'All things work together for good to them that love God;' and when we see how good God is to us I should think everybody would love Him; and Mother says that God intends only good for everybody, but that it takes love to open up the avenues so that Good can flow to us freely."

"Well, Ruth, that's quite a sermon," said Coit, and the children laughed merrily. "Anyway, I'm awfully glad if the Brighton affairs are going to take a turn."

"Now, Coit, there you are again. Don't say, 'if they're *going* to take a turn,' " answered Ruth; "they have *already* taken a turn, and I'm awfully glad for them right now."

"But Ruth," urged Coit, "Leonard doesn't know anything about it yet,—doesn't even know Mr. Shepard."

"That makes no difference," insisted Ruth; "*we* know about it, and so does Spirit, and as soon as you say, 'if,' you express doubt. Now you know that Mother has told us that we are to believe that prayer is answered before we see the answer at all—before anything happens. You remember the 'Walls of Jericho' that we read about last winter. Those walls fell—not because the Israelites shouted, but because Joshua believed what God said and did just what God told him to do. They shouted before a stone fell, but because they believed the city was already theirs, the walls did fall all around it at the same time, so that the people entered from just where they stood. Now, I believe just as much as I ever can that Leonard has his position, and the Brighton family have all they need, for it is all worked out that way in Spirit now."

"I know you're right, Ruth; you always are right about such things; and I know that Mother would say that by holding that thought so strongly for them you will help them make their demonstration. I sometimes get mixed and things don't seem quite clear to me, but when I get real still and just let Spirit think for me, then I get them all straight-

ened out in my mind. The next thing I expect now is to see the whole Brighton family studying Truth and making fine demonstrations for themselves. It looks to me as if they're ready for it at last. I hope Mrs. Brighton won't hold them back any longer, for Ma says she has held them back for three years. Bennie is getting mightily interested and I believe he will be the means of interesting his mother and Bertha. He questioned me today and wanted to know more about it."

"Well," replied Ruth, "Mother has been spending more time than usual in the silence lately, and you know something always happens when she goes after it that way. She feels that Mrs. Brighton needs help very much, and if they come to my party, something will be started, I feel sure. Mother says it will open the avenues, and that is all she wants; she will leave the rest to Spirit."

"Oh dear, I suppose we ought to go in and get our lessons," said Coit. "There's been so much doing today, I don't feel a bit like studying, but I know I shall wish I had in the morning—so here goes!" and Coit led the way to the den where for another hour the two children busied themselves with their books.

Maltie curled up on Ruth's lap, while the kittens cuddled up together on the cushion in the big rocker, and in a few minutes the purring stopped and the scratch of pencils was the only sound in the room.

As the grown-ups entered the library, Mr. Shepard thanked Mrs. Wilson for her hospitality and

assured her that he appreciated her interest in so worthy a young man as Leonard Brighton.

Mrs. Wilson soon excused herself and went to her room, leaving the men to continue their business conversation. It was not long before she heard steps on the porch and Mr. Shepard's car turn onto the highway. Quickly her thoughts went back to the Brighton family and she silently said, "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me, and I know that Thou hearest me always."

She knew that Leonard, wherever he might be placed, could be relied upon, and this was the only qualification necessary for his new position. She saw him installed in this great plant, and she held the thought that he would always be responsive to the guidance of Divine Intelligence.

As she took a book from the table to continue her reading, she said to herself: "What a wonderful Law it is that governs the Universe. O! that men might better understand it, and strengthen the bond of brotherly love and right living, and avoid the pitfalls of sin, sickness, and poverty—yes, and of misery in every form."

CHAPTER IV

Bennie Calls on Mr. Steen

WHEN Bennie reached home he was completely out of breath, and tumbled up the steps in his haste to tell of his good fortune. Supper was on the table when he rushed into the house. Leonard was helping Bertha to her place, and Bessie, their beautiful Collie, was watching expectantly as the family came together, before taking her accustomed place beside Bertha's chair.

When Bennie entered, Mrs. Brighton looked up inquiringly and asked, "Why are you so late, Son? Wash yourself quickly, for supper is ready. Have you been to the park?"

"No, Mother, I've cut Mrs. Mason's lawn—and here's my money! She said it was done as well as Ned could have done it. Coit helped me and I offered to divide but he wouldn't take any pay."

As Bennie spoke, he proudly displayed a bright silver dollar. Mrs. Brighton was carrying the teapot to the table and stopped just as Bessie pranced in front of her to welcome Bennie home. She was not quick enough, however, for a sharp cry warned her that a paw had been stepped on. Of course, Bessie had to be petted to make it all right. She was one of the family at all times and had her regular place in every activity in the home. At night she slept on

a small mattress at the foot of Bertha's bed. She never left the yard without having someone with her, but enjoyed playing around or lying on the porch until Bennie came home from school, when she would run to meet him and usually carry home a book or a paper for him.

Her coat was a beautiful golden brown with a wide white collar. She had four white paws, and her tail reminded one of a pampus plume as she waved it joyously from side to side. On state occasions a blue or rose-colored ribbon was tied to her collar in an attractive bow, and invariably when she was thus dressed up she would bark at every dog she saw, as much as to say, "Just look at me!" She loved to go with Bennie for the paper and would carry it home in her mouth, and when anyone spoke to her on the street she wagged her beautiful tail and looked very happy. She knew when she was being praised.

As the family came together at the table Bennie watched his mother. Finally he said, "You haven't said anything about my dollar, Mother. Isn't that a good beginning? And say, Ma, do you know how to demonstrate? Coit has been telling me how his mother demonstrates, and he's going to teach me so I can demonstrate my clothes for Saturday. You don't care, do you, Mother? Coit says it won't hurt me, and he knows."

Mrs. Brighton looked somewhat confused. After a moment, she said, "You've done very well, Son;" at the same time shaking her head for him to say no more.

Leonard, however, looked up inquiringly. "What's all this about demonstrating?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mrs. Brighton. "I suppose it is some new form of prayer, from all that I understand about it; but, if it is God's will that things are as they are, I shall be contented. I am trying to—"

"But Mother," interrupted Bennie, "Coit tells me that nothing is God's will if it is not good, and sickness and being poor are not good."

"Bennie!" said Mrs. Brighton rather sharply, "the Wilson family are very nice people, but they have queer ideas. Mrs. Wilson tried to explain them to me long ago, but I refused to listen to her. They have some kind of a service at her home Sunday afternoons, I understand, but it is in no way connected with our church and no good can come of it. I do not know what it is."

"Hold on, Mother; don't be too hard on the Wilson family," said Leonard. "They seem to be getting along pretty well, and I had planned on having a talk with Mrs. Wilson about these very things. I want to know something about this new form of prayer you speak of. In fact, I have been thinking very seriously about attending their services myself. I am beginning to get interested, and, if there is anything better than we have,—why let's all go after it. If the world had refused to accept new ideas, we would still be traveling in the old style stage coach. One thing is sure; the Wilsons have never been so prosperous as they are now."

The subject was changed, and after the meal was over Bennie started off with Bessie at his heels to call on Mr. Steen. They had not gone far when he picked up a stick and threw it as far as he could. Bessie chased it and brought it back to him. He threw it again, and again she brought it back, but this time she refused to give it up. She wanted a romp, and begged him to chase her.

They played along this way for a couple of blocks. Finally, he reached for another stick, thinking she would drop the first one if another was thrown, when right at his feet, he saw a small package in the grass. He picked it up, shook it and felt of it, but couldn't even guess what it was. The string was so strong he couldn't break it, so he put it into his pocket and hurried on. Every few minutes he felt of it to make sure it was there, for he guessed that it was valuable.

Upon reaching Mr. Steen's house, he ran up the stone steps and startled a beautiful angora cat that was taking a nap on the door-mat. After ringing the bell he turned to look at the grounds, and thought he had never seen anything to compare with them.

Directly in front of him, in the center of a lawn, as soft and green as velvet, was a fountain. The basin was full of water, and in it were many gold fish; while floating gracefully on the surface, were the leaves and blossoms of the water-lily. The flowers were pink, white and lavender, and absolutely perfect in their wax-like beauty. In the center of

the fountain was the bronze figure of a boy, and standing beside him, looking affectionately up into his face, was a large Newfoundland dog, also in bronze. The boy was holding an umbrella over himself and the dog, and it was from the top of this umbrella that the water gushed forth and fell into the basin like rain.

The trees and flowers seemed wonderful to Bennie, and as he feasted his eyes upon the scene, he forgot everything else, and failed to hear the door open. He looked up with a start, as Mrs. Steen said gently, "Well, dear, do you wish to see someone?"

Bennie turned quickly, saying, "What a beautiful garden you have. I called to see Mr. Steen. Is he at home?"

"No; Mr. Steen was called out quite unexpectedly. He may not be back for some time. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I will walk around in the grounds and wait for a while anyway, as it is important for me to see him this evening," replied Bennie.

Mrs. Steen stepped into the house but soon returned with a pair of shears, and as they walked from path to path admiring the beautiful flowers, she cut several of the finest and gave them to him. She admired and petted Bessie and said such complimentary things to her that Bessie understood she had a new friend and readily did some of her prettiest tricks.

It was not long before they heard a machine on the highway, and, looking through the trees, Mrs.

Steen recognized her husband's car. "Why, here he is now; come right in, dear; he will be here in a minute," she said.

As Bennie entered the library he saw the big touring car turn into the grounds and stop before the door. Two boys were in the car, where they remained while Mr. Steen hurried into the house. Mrs. Steen met her husband on the porch.

"Mr. Meeks has been here, Sidney, and he was greatly exercised about something. He seemed very nervous and not at all like himself. When I told him that you were out, he paced back and forth for some minutes and then left word for you to be sure to see him tonight."

"Yes," answered Mr. Steen, "I met him on the highway. I'll tell you about it later. Is someone waiting to see me?" With that he entered the library and greeted Bennie very cordially. "Well, my boy," he said, "it is not often that I am late for an engagement. Sorry to have kept you waiting. An important business matter detained me. How old are you, Son?"

"I'll be thirteen my next birthday," replied Bennie.

"Thirteen,"—and Mr. Steen looked Bennie all over for a minute. "Well, when I was thirteen, I was quiet a business man. Where are you in school?"

"I finish the grammar school this year. I want to go to High School, but I'm afraid I'll have to go to work, although Mother wants me to continue my education."

"Yes, I know she does. I had quite a talk with your mother this morning. She thinks you are a pretty fine boy, and I guess she is right. You don't smoke, do you?"

"No, Mr. Steen, I never have smoked. Some of the boys have tried to make me, but I have no desire to do so," said Bennie, looking Mr. Steen right in the eye. "I don't believe it's good for boys."

"Fine!" answered Mr. Steen. "I like to hear a boy speak up that way. Who do you run with? Who are your friends?"

"Well," answered Bennie, "I guess you'll think I haven't many friends. I like all the boys, and I think they all like me, but Coit Wilson is the only one I really chum with, if that is what you mean. I like Coit and he is a good clean boy; he don't smoke nor—do a lot of other things that the boys do. Then I have Bessie—she is my dog, you know."

"I guess Coit Wilson is as good a boy as you will find. You know a boy is known by the company he keeps; and the old saying is, 'Birds of a feather flock together'—remember that," said Mr. Steen.

"Mother is very particular with whom I play," continued Bennie. "She makes me take my boy friends home a few times before she will allow me to go out to play with them. She says she can watch them a little and get acquainted with their ways by doing so."

"A very good idea. You have a fine mother, Bennie, and I am glad to see that you appreciate her. Do you have to study hard?"

Bennie assured Mr. Steen that there was sufficient time in the evening for all of his studying, and he would be able to attend to all that would be required of him at the store. He also agreed to give a half hour for errands in the morning.

Mr. Steen was much pleased with the open, frank manner in which Bennie answered all of his questions, and, after a little further discussion, Bennie arose to go. He was very happy in the thought of a steady position, for his mother had told him the money he earned should be used for his clothes.

CHAPTER V

An Heirloom

MR. STEEN put his arm tenderly around Bennie's shoulder as they walked to the door. Presently he said, "You have a bicycle, have you not?"

"My bicycle is out of repair, but I will have it fixed tomorrow," replied Bennie.

As they passed out, Bennie thanked Mrs. Steen again for the flowers he held so carefully. He was about to run down the steps and off toward home, when Mr. Steen said, "Hold on! I am going back to town, and I will take you and your beautiful dog home. You have a pretty good play-fellow right there, I am thinking."

Bessie kissed Bennie's hand to prove her loyalty to him; then she pawed the air with one paw as Mr. Steen opened the door of the machine for them to enter. This was a special sign of delight, for she loved to ride in an automobile.

As Benine entered the car, Mr. Steen introduced his two boys, James and Curtis. They moved over to make room for him between them on the back seat as they cried in one voice, "Why, hello Bennie! You don't remember us, do you?—but we know you!"

As the car started, James said, "We were awfully sorry about that accident to your wheel. That was a dirty shame; but say, was it all right when you got the dirt washed off?"

"Oh! I know who you are now," answered Bennie. "I thought my wheel was all right; but something was bent so it won't go at all."

"Haven't you had it fixed yet?" asked the boys. "That's a long time ago. It must be three months."

"No," replied Bennie. "Mother thought I had better wait, as it costs so much for repairs; but now I've got to use it and I'll have it fixed tomorrow."

James thought it over a little, then crawled over into the front seat with his father. For some minutes they were talking very seriously.

"Say, Daddy!" he was saying, "this is the boy whose wheel we ran into the day we went to Grandma's with Hiram. I told you about it, but we thought it wasn't hurt because it was full of mud; but when he got it cleaned up, he found it was bent and he couldn't use it at all. He's never had it fixed because his mother couldn't spare the money. May we pay for having it fixed, Daddy?"

Curtis heard enough to know what his brother was saying, and added as he leaned over the front seat, "Yes, Daddy. I'll pay half and James half. Nobody was to blame—Hiram couldn't help it. He felt awfully sorry, too."

Mr. Steen did not reply, but he drove straight to Moore's Cyclery, and Bennie started to get out. "Never mind," he said, "I will see Mr. Moore for you." When he returned, he said that the wheel would be called for in the morning, and would be sent to the store as soon as it was finished. All charges

would be paid, as Mr. Moore owed him quite a bill and this would be credited on the account.

Bennie was surprised at this added piece of good fortune, for he had been figuring that it would take all of his dollar and probably much more, to pay for these repairs. He was so excited over this, together with the new position and the ride home, that he quite forgot the package in his pocket. He stammered a "Thank you, Mr. Steen," and "Good-night, boys," as he and Bessie jumped out of the machine.

He ran into the house, boy fashion, and shouted, "Oh Mother!" Mrs. Brighton came hurrying to him, thinking that some accident had happened to her boy. She was always expecting some new misfortune, and thought surely one had befallen the Brighton household at this time.

When she beheld Bennie standing, with the bouquet in one hand, a broad grin on his sunburned face and a look of joy in his eyes, she dropped into a chair, saying, "Why Bennie! How you frightened me; I thought you were hurt!"

"Hurt!!" replied Bennie. "I don't know where it hurts the worst."

"Then something has happened to you! I just knew it had; but why are you grinning so?" What is it, darling? Tell Mother."

"Oh pshaw, Ma! There hasn't anything bad happened, but so many good things have happened that I don't know where to begin."

Mrs. Brighton looked puzzled. "You have been gone only a couple of hours," she said. "There cannot much have happened in that time."

"Well, I'll unwind it, Ma. I'll go backward and you can count the things. There have enough things happened today to set me thinking—I know that—and I believe today is going to start a change for all of us, but I'll tell the last first. Mr. Steen brought me home in his machine, and Gee! it's a hummer! We must have gone part of the way forty miles an hour. It hasn't been a minute since we left Moore's Cyclery, and we went faster than that before we got to town."

"Moore's Cyclery! Why did you stop there?" asked his mother.

"Well, the Steen kids were the ones that ran into me when my wheel was busted, and when they found out that it was really disabled because of that accident, they insisted on having it fixed up. That's what I call 'mighty square.' Mr. Steen stopped to see Mr. Moore about it, and it will be called for in the morning and sent to the store. It's all paid for; Mr. Moore owes him a big bill, and this is to be credited on the account."

"Mr. Steen is very kind, I am sure; but why is the wheel to be sent to the store instead of here?" asked Mrs. Brighton.

"Well, that's another thing I have to tell about. I've got a job with Mr. Steen. I'm to work for half

an hour in the morning and two hours in the afternoon, and I'll need my wheel for errands."

"Can you do this without interfering with your school?" asked his mother, who realized what a help this would be in their present financial condition. "Of course, he will need you Saturday, also."

"Oh yes, Mother. That won't bother me, but I can't help you so much," he added as he sidled up to her and slipped his arm around her neck. "Mr. Steen wants me to have a good education; he talked as if he might want me to stay right on with him and learn the business. He said—"

Just then Bennie put his hand into his pocket and pulled out the little package. He put it on the table and reached for the scissors, saying, "Oh, I forgot!"

"What have you there?" asked his mother.

"I dunno, but we'll soon find out."

He cut the string, and said, "Something more that's happened! I found this on the way to Mr. Steen's. I was playing with Bessie, throwing sticks, and when I reached for one I saw this right at my feet in the grass."

As he spoke, the paper fell off and displayed a beautiful velvet box. Bennie soon found that it opened by pressing a small white button, and no sooner had he touched this spring than up flew the cover. What he saw almost dazzled him. He passed it to his mother without a word.

After examining it carefully, Mrs. Brighton said, "Why Bennie, you have found something that

is very valuable. It is a lady's locket set in diamonds. Where did you find it?"

"Over on Maple Avenue, near Ninth Street," answered Bennie. "It was hidden in the grass beside the walk, and I never would have seen it if I hadn't been playing with Bessie."

Reaching for the evening paper, Mrs. Brighton looked through the "Lost and Found" column. "Surely this will be advertised," she said. "We will look in the morning paper."

She put the paper down and picked up the box to take it into Bertha's room. Bertha had retired early, but when she heard the talking she called out to know what had happened. Mrs. Brighton handed her the locket, and when she opened it she saw two pictures—one on either side. They were of a young couple dressed in the costumes of the old colonial days.

"It is an heirloom," said Bertha, and she put the chain around her own neck and asked for a glass. She admired pretty things and had never handled anything so beautiful as this. It pleased her to wear it even for a short time.

Turning to Bennie, who had followed his mother into her room, she said, "Well, Bennie, you're surely lucky this time. I see where you get your new suit now, for there will be a big reward for this."

Bennie had not thought of reward; he had hoped to find the owner, but that he should be given a reward had not occurred to him. In fact, he did not altogether like the idea. He needed the money—but

why should he be paid for being honest? He could earn the money for his clothes, and he was perfectly happy in doing so. Turning to Bertha, he said, "Would it be right for me to take a reward for being honest, Sister? I hadn't thought of a reward."

"I am glad you feel that way, Son," replied his mother, giving him a hug; "and you are quite right. We will first find the owner and not think about a reward."

Bennie was very quiet for a few minutes and then said, "Maybe God has taken this way to give me my clothes. Coit told me not to worry; that we'd demonstrate a suit, and maybe this is my demonstration. I wish we could think as the Wilsons do, for they are always happy, and they have everything they want. I have a lot of faith in what Coit says; and somehow I believe that I shall have my suit for Saturday."

"My dear child, Mr. Wilson is one of the most successful business men in the city. He provides bountifully for his family just as your own dear father always did. We never lacked anything when he was with us."

"But Mother, I heard Mrs. Wilson tell a lady that Mr. Wilson was not always prosperous. She said that he failed once, and had all kinds of trouble until he learned to depend upon God instead of his business for his supply. She said that he took God into business with him as a silent partner; and just as soon as he did this and stopped worrying, every-

thing changed. She said that inside of a year his business doubled and has been growing ever since.

"Mrs. Wilson says that all business is God's business, and that He provides everything. And another thing—she told this lady that they give one-tenth of all the money they get to God's work. She called it some name I did not know. But she said the very month they started doing this, business began to increase and had kept on increasing right along."

Mrs. Brighton looked at Bennie for a moment, and then replied, "tithing is all right for those who have enough to live on, but we could not spare one dollar of our scanty means without going hungry to pay for it."

"But," persisted Bennie, "if God supplies all, as Mrs. Wilson says, couldn't He raise Leonard's salary so that we could spare the tenth?"

Then, kissing his mother and sister good-night, he asked his mother to take care of the locket for him, and went to his room. For an hour he worked on his lessons, and was about ready to get into bed when he remembered the card that Coit had given him that afternoon. He took it out of his pocket and read and re-read

"THE PRAYER OF FAITH

God is my help in every need;
God does my every hunger feed;
God walks beside me, guides my way
Through every moment of the day.

I now am wise, I now am true,
Patient, kind and loving, too.
All things I am, can do and be,
Through Christ, the Truth, that is in me.

God is my Health, I can't be sick;
God is my Strength, unfailing, quick;
God is my All, I know no fear,
Since God and Love and Truth are here."

Bertha had called him lucky, but something in his heart told him it was more than luck. Coit had told him to believe, and although he could not quite understand why, he was very happy in this new sense of security. When he finally turned out the light, he could repeat the little prayer from beginning to end, and the words died on his lips as he went into dreamland.

CHAPTER VI

Wilbur Loses His Job

"I SAY, Father, that is certainly some dog," said Curtis, as Mr. Steen turned his car back toward town; and do you know I like Ben awfully well. He comes into High School next year and we can be fine friends, I know. I am six months older than he is. His clothes look as if they were very poor people and he has an invalid sister. Can't we do something for them, Father?"

"Bennie belongs to an excellent family, and his mother is as careful of his associates as we are of yours. I knew his father well, and he was very highly respected. In fact he was one of our leading citizens.

"When they lived on Euclid Avenue we saw them often, and your sister Edith and Bertha were great friends; but after they moved we lost track of them until a few weeks ago when I met Mrs. Brighton, and, after talking with her, I agreed to take Bennie into the factory during his vacation. She would like to have him learn the business."

"Say, Father," said James, "I want to ask you something. Why is it that when people have money they have lots of friends and when they lose their money their friends seem to go, too? Seems to me that poor people need friends more than rich ones, especially if they are sick."

"You are right, Son, and that is one of the great problems of the day. There is no good reason why money should make any difference in the selection of friends. In some instances people are measured by their real worth, but in the main you are right; for the world is apt to judge by the false standard of money.

"In Mrs. Brighton's case, however, I believe that she was largely responsible for leaving her friends rather than having her friends leave her. You know there are usually two sides to every question. She declined many invitations for rides and quiet home gatherings that were planned especially for her. She wanted to be alone with her sorrow for so long that her old-time friends were separated from her and gradually became interested in other things. Then when she sold her home and moved into town, we lost track of her completely. She did not seem to want any of her old friends to follow her."

"But Father," urged Curtis, "now that you have found her again, you can do something to help her, can't you? I like the way Bennie talks about his mother and sister and he says that he has an older brother. Surely something can be done to help them get on their feet again. We will be good to Bennie, won't we Jim?"

"We sure will," replied James, "for there is something about him that makes me like him awfully well, too. Where did they live on Euclid Avenue, Father?"

"They owned the house where Mr. Dodge has lived for several years," replied Mr. Steen. "I believe that Mr. Brighton built it. You spoke of an older brother. Leonard is the oldest of the family, and he was as fine a little fellow as I ever knew. His mother tells me that he has been their only support all of these years."

"Oh, Daddy! I know Elmer Dodge, and I know where he lives," said Curtis. "Jim and I have been over to his house to play ball, haven't we Jim? He has a dandy baseball ground in his back yard. Don't you remember what I told you about it once?"

"Yes," said James, "that is a swell home, but they are going East as soon as somebody has a wedding anniversary. They are going to Boston."

"Well," answered Mr. Steen, "that is where Bennie was born. It is a very nice place and it is a valuable piece of property. Mr. Meeks owns the place now, and Mrs. Dodge is his daughter. It is the Meeks' wedding anniversary to which your mother and I are invited."

Mr. Steen now stopped in front of the Times building and, entering the office, he stepped up to the counter, wrote something on a pad, tore it off and handed it to the man in charge.

"That looks like an advertisement," said James. "What can Daddy be advertising for?"

"I can't guess," replied Curtis, "but he will tell us when he is ready. He may want a man for some outside work."

"Yes—sir!" continued James, "it's an advertisement all right, for he is paying for it. I wonder what it is for?"

"Don't be so curious, Jim; that is Daddy's business, and if he wants us to know about it, he will tell us," said Curtis; all the while wondering in his own mind what could have happened, for he had heard his father say the evening before that he had all the help he needed at present.

As Mr. Steen returned to his car and started toward home he said, "So you like my new office boy, do you?"

"Office boy!" exclaimed both boys in the same breath. "Is Bennie going to work in the office, Father? You said he was to work in the factory in vacation."

"Yes, Bennie starts to work in the retail department tomorrow morning, and he will help me in the office. If he makes good, as I believe he will, I shall do well by him."

"But Father," urged Curtis, "he just told us that he was going to High School next year."

"Surely, and I want him to go to High School," answered his father; "I would never keep a boy out of school to work for me as long as he could stay in school. Education comes first, but he will do errands before and after school hours, and go into the factory during vacation."

"I am glad to see that Bennie is anxious to learn the business from the ground up, and that is what his

mother wants him to do. That is the only way to make a successful business man, for one can never supervise a business unless he understands all of the details himself. I have a feeling that Bennie will own a jewelry store of his own some day. By the time he is through school he will be very capable."

"But what about Wilbur, Father?"

"I will tell you about Wilbur this evening," answered Mr. Steen, as he turned into his grounds. "I am sure that Bennie is a different kind of a boy from Wilbur. His mother says he is very reliable."

"I know what makes him reliable, Father; he helps his mother so much at home. He gets up and helps with the breakfast and does a lot of other things before he goes to school, while his mother is taking care of his sick sister. He told us about it tonight. And you have often explained to us that helping at home makes a boy reliable in business," said Curtis.

"Or a girl either, Daddy said," added James.

"That is the secret of it. The more responsibility young people have, the better it is for them; or at least all young people should have responsibility enough to cause them to realize that the world is more than a playground, and that they are a necessary part in the whole great plan of life. Too many children shirk their duties, and then shirk all through life," said Mr. Steen as he drove up to the door.

Mrs. Steen was waiting for her husband and met him with a look of inquiry.

"Nothing new, dear," he said as they entered the house. "I have an advertisement in the morning papers, and hope to hear from it tomorrow."

Then, leading the way to the library, he told the boys to be seated as he wanted to talk to them.

"You have asked me about Wilbur," he began, "and now I am ready to tell you about him. You remember when he came to ask for a position with us six months ago, I told you how I questioned him as to his associates, and the manner in which he spent his spare time. He was a stranger in this city but had a very good letter of recommendation from the head of a Chicago firm with whom I have some acquaintance. As I needed a boy at that time I gave him a trial and thought he was making good. All went well until a few days ago, when I discovered that after leaving the office at night, he was meeting a friend at the corner and they walked off together. I did not like his friend's looks, so had a straightforward talk with Wilbur and he admitted that they had a couple of games at Jack's pool room every night before going home. I gave him some good advice and from his manner I believed there would be no further cause for complaint, and so gave him another chance.

"Today, he started out as usual to make his deliveries, and in about an hour came back to say that he was one package short. We checked him up and found that the missing package was a very valuable piece of old jewelry that had been repaired. I took him into my private office and questioned him

very closely. At first he tried to evade me and claimed that the package must have been left in the factory, but he afterward admitted that his friend met him and helped him with the deliveries, so that they would have time for a game of pool during the noon hour.

"What happened between these two I do not know, but this particular package has not been found. I have offered a reward and hope to recover it, as it is priceless to the owner. I had told Wilbur never to allow anyone to handle his goods, and never to open his carrying case on the street, but he did both; thus causing the loss of a valuable package for which our firm is responsible.

"Now boys, this is all due to bad company. Wilbur's acquaintance with this young fellow has resulted seriously, and at the pool room he is forming other acquaintances of the same sort.

"Remember boys, that people are known by the company they keep, and never find fault with Daddy when he seems too particular about your associates; and never keep company with any one whose conversation you cannot repeat to your mother and father, or to your sister. Habits are easily formed but are hard to break away from, and our daily habits are either strengthening or weakening our character."

When Mr. Steen had finished, the boys arose to go to their lessons. They had been very attentive, and they kissed their mother and father with more than the usual tenderness as they left the room.

To James and Curtis this affair seemed very serious, and it made such a deep impression upon them that they did not even talk it over, but went directly to their books and worked earnestly until their tasks were completed. They were fond of Wilbur, and when they said their prayers before getting into bed they asked God to help him to be a good boy and to keep away from bad company.

CHAPTER VII

Bennie's First Demonstration

WEDNESDAY MORNING found Mr. Steen at the office earlier than usual. He could not get the lost locket off his mind, and as he tried to read the morning paper he was unconsciously watching the door as if looking for its return. Finally he stepped out on the sidewalk and glanced up and down the street. He saw a boy approaching in the distance and as he drew nearer he heard a merry whistle. Just then he recognized Bennie who touched his cap politely. "Well, you are a manly looking little chap," he said to himself. "I believe you are the making of a man like your father."

"Good-morning, Mr. Steen. Did you advertise a lost locket?" asked Bennie.

Mr. Steen could hardly believe his ears. He gave Bennie rather a sharp look as he replied, "Yes, I did; but why do you ask?"

"Because I guess I have it, and I'm mighty glad to return it to you; but I can't see how it was ever lost where I found it."

"Where did you find it?" asked Mr. Steen.

"Over on Maple Avenue near Ninth Street," answered Bennie. "I was playing with my dog, on my way to your house last evening, and saw it lying in the grass."

"Why, that is just where Wilbur said he gave some of the packages to his young friend," thought Mr. Steen. Two men had been sent out from the factory to hunt for it and had given up the search."

Then Bennie went on to explain that it was way off on the side, and that he never would have seen it had he not reached for a stick that lay close to it.

Of course, Mr. Steen was greatly relieved to have it returned. He opened the box to make sure it was unharmed, and turned to the cash register and began counting out bills.

Bennie suspected what he was doing and hurriedly said, "I don't want any reward, Mr. Steen; I don't want to be paid for being honest. It belongs to you."

"O-ho! so that is the kind of boy you are, is it? Well, we will see." He then slipped the package into an envelope, wrote a note, gave Bennie car fare and careful directions, and, glancing at the clock, told him that he would have time to make the delivery before school.

As Bennie started out, Mr. Steen called him back saying, "Have you a watch?"

"No Sir!" replied Bennie; "I would like to earn one when I can."

Taking a fine silver watch from the case, Mr. Steen fitted it up with a good strong chain, just suitable for a boy, and handed it to him saying, "In connection with your work you will need a watch and you have earned this already, my boy;" and he patted Bennie lovingly on the shoulder.

Bennie was greatly pleased. He put the watch on, fastened the chain securely through the button-hole of his coat, put the envelope into the pocket that carried the package so safely the evening before, and started out on his first business errand for the firm of Steen, Merrill and Stetson, Manufacturing Jewelers.

When he reached Mr. Meeks' residence, Bennie saw a gentleman pass down the front steps to pick up the morning paper.

"Good morning, is this Mr. Meeks?" asked Bennie, taking off his cap.

"I am Mr. Meeks. What can I do for you, Son?"

"I have a package for you from Mr. Steen;" and Bennie handed him the envelope.

He eagerly tore it open, and before reading the note, opened the box to make sure that the locket was there. "Well! Well! Well!" he said, as he finished reading the note; "and you are the boy that found it. Who are you? What is your name?"

"Yes, I found it. My name is Bennie Brighton," replied Bennie.

"Brighton? Brighton?" he said thoughtfully. "That name is familiar. Where do you live?"

Bennie gave the address, but Mr. Meeks shook his head.

"I knew that name years ago," he answered. "I will be down to see Mr. Steen as soon as I get my car. Thank you very much until you are better paid."

"Oh, I don't want any pay," Bennie replied. "I am working for Mr. Steen now, and I just delivered

it to you; that's all;" and with a pleasant remark about the parade that day, he said he must hurry to school, and ran to catch the car.

"Well, I didn't take any reward for being honest anyway," he said to himself as he hurried along.

"I don't know how Coit thought I could demonstrate a suit, but I believe he is square with me and when I get it I want to feel happy. I know I could not enjoy having it if I really wanted to be paid for being honest. I just won't think about it at all. Coit said that his mother forgot all about that belt and then God led her right to the place where it was. I guess I've got to trust like that."

He looked at his watch for about the twentieth time as he thought, "My, but Mr. Steen was good to give this to me;" and he recalled the many similar watches he had looked at in the store windows when he had so longed to own one. He felt very proud of his new possession and suddenly he had an idea regarding it.

As he got off the car he saw Coit at the next corner, and after giving a shrill whistle, he ran to catch up with him. Quite out of breath he said, "Say Coit, I believe I've made a demonstration. Look at this watch!" And as he spoke he took it out of his pocket. "I have wanted a watch like this for a long time and this was given to me this morning. Is that what you call a demonstration?"

"Sure that's a demonstration," replied Coit, "and a pretty fine one, too. Some swell watch!" And

with that Coit took his own watch out of his pocket for comparison.

"You know," continued Coit, "that as soon as you want anything awfully bad, you just keep thinking about it and wishing for it and making believe that you have it until it comes to you. You are praying for it all the time without calling it prayer, for mother says that every earnest desire is prayer, and wanting anything awfully bad is earnest desire. See?"

"Yes, I see," said Bennie, "and that is just what I was thinking about a few minutes ago. I sure have wanted a watch, and many a time I have stood in front of a store window and selected just the watch I wanted, and then every time I passed that store I have looked to see if my watch was waiting for me. Well, if I have made one demonstration, I guess I can make another. It don't seem so mysterious to me now, and I am just watching for those clothes to come from somewhere, too; and I really believe they are coming. I dreamed about them last night and I was all dressed up in them and was going to a party, but before I got there I woke up.

"But say, Coit, I've got a lot to tell you. A lot of things have happened since I saw you yesterday, and maybe I have made some more demonstrations; I want to know what you think about it. There isn't time to tell you now, but I'll tell you all about it at noon.

Just then the bell rang and as the boys separated for their line Bennie added, "I've got a steady job and some other things, too."

Coit could hardly wait for the noon bell. The boys usually ate their lunch together, and today Coit rushed to their accustomed seat and was waiting when Bennie arrived. It was with real interest that he listened to Bennie's account of his good fortune, especially regarding the steady job.

When Bennie told him that he was working for Mr. Steen, Coit gave him a vigorous slap on the shoulder. "Well, what do you know about that?" he said. "I know a lot of boys that have tried to get a job there but Mr. Steen is mighty particular about his employees. And say, don't be silly about the reward. Of course, you don't want to be paid for being honest, but that is not the idea at all. I'll bet Mr. Steen was glad to get the locket back all right, and if he wants to make you a nice little present, why let him do it—that is all."

Then Bennie told all about how he found the locket and how he had delivered it to Mr. Meeks. And then he added, "And someday, Coit, I feel as if other things were going to happen, too. I really expect to have my clothes for the party. I never have felt like this before when I have wanted things, and I surely thank you for teaching me how to do the right kind of thinking."

"Good for you," answered Coit, "that is the way to talk. S-a-y, if you talk like that all the time you

will get everything you want. That is the way the law works, Mother says. 'Think prosperity, talk prosperity, act prosperity, and no one can keep prosperity away from you. Say Ben, you are just all right. I am real proud of you. Of course you will have your new clothes for the party. What color are they, blue or gray, or brown?'

The boys enjoyed planning for the clothes they liked best, and as the recess had been cut short, it was over before they realized it and they were obliged to get back to work for another half hour.

CHAPTER VIII

Another Demonstration

THERE was great excitement in the city that day. Everyone was interested one way or another in the election for school bonds. The schools were dismissed early and many of the business houses closed for a part of the afternoon.

The children were to form for the parade at two o'clock, and several floats had been made for the younger ones. Mr. Wilson, who had the parade in charge, invited Bessie to take a prominent part in the day's festivities. A saddle of gold-colored velvet, which hung down nearly to the ground, had been made for her to wear, and on either side of this were the words, "VOTE YES." This was also printed across the front, and on her collar was fastened a large bow of red, white, and blue, with a small American flag. As soon as school was dismissed, Bennie rushed home to get her and they helped distribute tags. These tags had "VOTE YES" on one side, and on the other side was printed ten reasons why new school buildings were needed.

In the parade, Bessie was placed on one of the floats so that everyone could see her, and as she looked around she waved her beautiful tail and behaved her prettiest. She seemed to enjoy it thoroughly and acted as if she really understood that five more schools were greatly needed in the city.



Bessie Seemed to Understand

After the parade was over Bennie returned to the office and attended to the errands awaiting him. When he started for home, Mr. Steen handed him an envelope addressed to his mother. He put this carefully in his pocket, and with Bessie at his heels, skipped off thinking of all the new and wonderful things that had happened.

Mrs. Brighton was busy preparing the evening meal when Bennie entered but she stopped to answer his happy, "Hello, Mother," and before he had time to speak again she had asked, "Well, dear, how did you get along today? What about the locket?"

"Oh, everything went fine," answered Bennie. "Mr. Steen was out on the sidewalk when I got there this morning, and he surely was surprised when he found that I had the locket in my pocket last evening at his house. He did not put the advertisement in the paper until after he brought me home. He was awfully glad to get it, of course, and was going to give me some money out of the cash register, but I told him I didn't want a reward. That pleased him and he said he guessed I was just the boy he had been looking for."

Just then Bessie came along and as Bennie stooped to pet her, Mrs. Brighton noticed the watch chain and exclaimed, "Why, what have you got there, Son?"

"Oh Mother, look and see what I have. It is just what I have wanted for a long time. Mr. Steen gave it to me. Isn't it a dandy?" answered Bennie.

"How did it happen that Mr. Steen gave you a watch?" asked Mrs. Brighton, as Bennie passed it to her for inspection.

"Well, you see it was this way," said Bennie, "Mr. Steen wanted me to deliver the locket to the owner before school. He said I would often have errands in the morning, and I would need a watch so that I would always be on time at school. I know it is a good one for he said a poor watch was worse than none at all."

"Mr. Steen has been very kind to you, Son; I must see him and thank him. To whom did the locket belong?"

"It belonged to a Mr. Meeks. He was awfully nice to me, and asked me my name and where I lived. Of course he thanked me and then he said something about my being better paid. I told him I didn't want any pay, that the locket belonged to him; but he acted so funny. Did you ever know him, Mother?"

"I once knew a Mr. Meeks," replied his mother, "but that was many years ago. I do not know whether he is living here now or not. Where does this Mr. Meeks live?"

"Way out on Melrose Avenue. It is near the end of the car line. I forget the number, but it is a beautiful home."

"Do you remember his first name or his initials?"

"Yes, his name is Benjamin. The envelope was addressed, 'Benjamin F. Meeks,'" said Bennie; "and

when I told him my name he said, 'Brighton? Brighton? I have known that name somewhere,' so I thought you may have known him."

"Yes, it is the same Mr. Meeks. I am glad he has not forgotten me, for your father thought a great deal of him. I have not seen him for years."

Mrs. Brighton gave the watch back to Bennie and as he took it from her hand he thought of the note and said, "Oh Mother, I have something here for you," and he drew the envelope from his pocket and gave it to his mother.

She opened it, and as she pulled out the note something fell to the floor. Bennie picked it up, and there in black and white was a check made out to Bennie Brighton for twenty-five dollars. He could not speak; he handed it to his mother, who in turn handed him the note, and he read:

My dear Mrs. Brighton:

Please accept this check for Bennie. It is not intended as a reward, but as a small token of my appreciation for the services he has rendered me this day. He is the kind of a boy I have been looking for.

Cordially your friend,

A. B. STEEN.

As soon as Bennie recovered from his surprise he rushed into Bertha's room, showed her his watch and check and shouted, "Now for my clothes!" "There's my demonstration sure enough; Coit was right; Coit was right!" and he made such a fuss that

Bessie thought he was ready for a romp, and she barked and jumped and sneezed and poked him with her nose and did everything she knew how to do to show that she was ready also; but he stroked her head and told her to be a good dog and wait a while.

Bertha's joy beamed from her beautiful eyes as she kissed her brother and told him how happy she was to know that he could go to the party. Bertha was very fond of Bennie, and she realized that he had been obliged to sacrifice many things on her account. She seemed so helpless in not being able to contribute to his pleasure, that now she was overjoyed for him.

After a few minutes Bennie bounded back to his mother and said, "Say Ma, as long as I have told Mr. Steen I didn't want a reward, I feel very happy in having this money. It is all right if it comes in this way, isn't it, Mother?"

"Why yes, dear; of course, Mr. Steen appreciated having the locket returned and we will not think of it as a reward at all."

When Leonard came in and heard the news, he congratulated Bennie on his good luck.

"But Brother, Coit tells me that it isn't luck at all," answered Bennie to the astonishment of all. "He says there is no such thing as luck; it's all the working of Divine Law; that when we have bad luck, it is simply because we have broken some law of God, and when we have good luck it is because we have tried to live close to God and have kept his laws."

"I'm getting awfully interested and I would rather talk with Coit than play with the other boys.

He tells me things I've never heard before, but he explains fine. He told me something interesting about the sub-conscious mind, but I don't understand it very well and I am going to ask him to explain it again. He said it is like a store-house that we have been putting our thoughts into for years and years, until we believe that they are all true; and that it is these old thoughts of being sick and poor that make us sick and poor now. I don't see how that can be, but he says that I will sometime, and he knows."

"Now, Bennie, you know what Mother has told you about—"

"Just a minute, Mother," interrupted Leonard, "do not finish that, for I'm getting interested myself, and I fully intend studying into this new teaching as soon as I have a little time that I can call my own. I have heard a lot about the good that Mrs. Wilson is doing."

Hardly had the table been cleared when the bell rang, and Mrs. Brighton ushered Mr. Shepard into the dining room. He had called to see Leonard and he greeted them both cordially. He immediately announced his object in calling, and said he had all the recommendations necessary and was ready to offer Leonard a position if he cared to accept it.

Leonard questioned him at some length as to the nature of the business and what his duties would be. Mr. Shepard assured him that by beginning at the bottom and learning the details, there would be no difficulty in meeting all requirements. He also ex-

plained that integrity was the quality most desired. He expected that mistakes would be made for a time, but these could be easily rectified.

As Leonard had already notified Mr. Rogers that he was looking for another place, it was arranged that he should take his new position on the first of May.

After Mr. Shepard had gone, Mrs. Brighton called the family together in Bertha's room and in a few simple words gave thanks for the blessings that were so strangely opening up to them.

Bennie looked very serious, and as they passed from Bertha's room, he said to Leonard, "Why, Brother, I believe that is another real demonstration. That is what Coit said my job was, and my watch, and everything that happened."

Bessie had taken her place at the door just as if she understood what Bennie had said, and now as he came out of Bertha's room she began prancing about to remind him of his promise. After mauling her a few minutes, they started out on the run and chased each other around the block several times.

When they returned Bennie found his mother sitting in Bertha's room, as was her custom in the evening. Sidling up to her and slipping one arm around her neck, he said, "Mother dear, now that I can have my clothes and Leonard is to have a better position, don't you think you can answer Mrs. Wilson's note and tell her that we can all go to the party? Please do, Mother," he urged, when he saw that she

hesitated. "Coit says that they want us to go awfully bad, and now you will enjoy it, too."

Bertha and Leonard joined Bennie in urging an acceptance of the invitation and Mrs. Brighton finally promised that she would write the note and have it delivered in the morning.

As the clock struck nine the boys kissed their mother and sister good-night and went to their room. An hour later as she passed their door, Mrs. Brighton was surprised to hear them talking. She opened the door very quietly and stood as in a trance for Leonard was standing with one hand on Bennie's shoulder and in the other was the "Prayer of Faith" card that Bennie had given to him. He was saying, "Bennie, you are the dearest little brother that a young fellow ever had. This is all your work. As soon as Mr. Shepard mentioned Mrs. Wilson, I understood at once where it all came from; and let me tell you, my boy, with all loving respect to our dear mother, don't let her discourage your interest in these new teachings. I am with you, heart and soul, and I will stand by you. Mother simply does not understand, that is all."

Mrs. Brighton did not want to be eavesdropping, so she stepped into the room and stood before her two sons. The scene was touching. What was there to be said? No one could speak. She again kissed them good-night, turned and left the room; and very soon they were all fast asleep, not realizing that Spirit was doing its perfect work for them and they were on the very threshold of a new and beautiful life.

CHAPTER IX

Ruth Plans Her Life Work

“BUR-R-R-R-R-R-R-R!”

Edna sprang out of bed, grabbed the alarm clock and thrust it under her pillow. She was having such a good sleep she did not wish to be disturbed, but as she rubbed her eyes she remembered it was Saturday, party day, and she must have everything in readiness. She drew the clock out again, set it on the table and hurriedly dressed.

This was an important day in the Wilson home for it was Ruth's birthday. Ruth had been allowed a party every three years, beginning with her third year, and today she was fifteen and felt quite like a young lady. It appeared to her that this was the day that carried her into young womanhood. She seemed to have changed during the night, and as she awoke on this beautiful spring morning she was in rather a pensive mood.

She realized that on her next party day she would be eighteen; a fully developed young lady, out of school and ready to take her place in the world. “What was that place to be? How should she prepare herself for it?” These questions persisted in coming to her. She felt that only three years of her girlhood remained to her, and that she must make the most of them in preparing for her chosen field in life. She

must know herself; know her own mind. She must prepare herself spiritually, mentally and physically, to be all that God intended her to be.

She knew that this was to be a busy day, but somehow she was in no hurry, and enjoyed thinking it out. She stepped to the window to view the glorious sunrise, and just as she heard Edna go down stairs she dropped to the window seat and was soon lost in reverie. She seemed to see two pictures of herself on her eighteenth birthday.

Her thoughts went back to the program she made out when she entered High School, as this determined her course through the school; and so now she felt that she was to make out her life's program, and that her entire future depended upon it. It must be her own choice, and she must work it out alone, guided only by that something within herself which she was beginning to recognize as the Spirit of Truth.

In one of these pictures she saw herself beautifully gowned, the center of attraction in society. She listened to the music and tasted the dainty viands served at late suppers just as she had often seen them pictured on the screen at the theatre. She drank in the perfume of the flowers that adorned her own person and sensed the enticing whirl of the dance. To all appearances she was seeking only those pleasures that last but for a day, and was sought after by those who live to gratify their own selfish desires.

Suddenly a sickening feeling came over her and a shiver ran down her back for a high wall seemed

to separate her from her dear ones. She sprang to her feet, and, rubbing her eyes, she called aloud, "Mother! Coit!" Instantly the wall vanished, the scene changed, and she seemed to be in her mother's loving embrace.

Again she dropped to the window seat and beheld herself surrounded by the poor and the afflicted. She was ministering to them and she could feel the warmth of their love. Rich clothing took no part in this scene nor did she see herself at all, except as she was reflected in the love that shone from those about her. Her mother was there like a guardian angel, and Coit seemed to be helping in some way, for he was leading one who appeared to be blind. Yes, and there was Bertha Brighton, no longer the invalid she had been for years, but moving about among the people comforting them and ministering to their needs.

And there were children; oh! so many children; and as she tried to gather them about her a voice seemed to say to her: "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Her heart went out to the whole world. With closed eyes she sat spellbound, when presently she saw in letters of gold: "The harvest truly is plentiful, but the laborers are few; Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into the harvest."

She was aroused by a knock at her door, and, in response to her bidding, Edna opened it and said, "Miss Ruth, breakfast is served."

These few brief moments were enough to satisfy her that the social world had no charms for her. In her pure young mind Ruth had made decisions that she thought were destined to influence her entire life. She felt that pleasure-seeking society could never draw her into its meshes. She would live for others, and she determined that her eighteenth birthday should find her prepared to take her real place in the world.

As she ran down stairs, through the halls, and into the breakfast room, she did not see Coit who was hiding behind a big rocker, until he grabbed her and began giving her fifteen vigorous slaps on her back. He had counted eight when his father took him by the arm and said, "Coit, you love your sister, do you not?"

"Why yes, Father, of course I love her. I was only playing."

"Stop such rough actions. I have known children to be seriously hurt by such conduct. You do not realize how strong you are. You have hurt Ruth and she can hardly keep the tears back."

Coit looked at his sister, and when he realized that he had caused her pain he told her he was very sorry, and did not mean anything but a little play.

After breakfast, the family had their usual silence before leaving the table. Mrs. Wilson always gave the word for meditation, and this morning she was so thankful for the wonderful way in which her prayers were being answered that she realized as

never before that truly, "With God all things are possible."

For a few moments she talked of the faith that removes mountains of fear and discord; faith that heals the sick and brings the sinner back to the Father's house; and faith that brings peace and prosperity into homes where want and privation have held sway. In closing she quoted this marvellous promise of the great Master:

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

When the silence was over, Mrs. Wilson outlined the final preparations for the day, and assigned duties to each one. Ruth was to help Edna with the refreshments and Coit was to cut flowers and vines for decorations and assist in arranging them through the house.

Everything possible had been done the day before. Several large cakes were hidden away on the pantry shelves; a large bowl of nuts had been cracked and mixed with raisins, filling for sandwiches was all ready in jars and the dishes and glasses were polished and arranged on a side table.

Elaborate preparations had been made and the utmost care had been taken to avoid confusion. Ruth and Coit had been planning the games for days; and now that the eventful day had actually arrived it did not seem to them that they could wait another minute.

CHAPTER X

The Lunch Hour

AT THE Brighton home there was even more excitement. Bennie's suit had been purchased the day before and he was dressed up in everything new from stockings to necktie.

Mrs. Brighton had been very careful to select everything of the best quality for wear, and had been able to get a complete outfit with Bennie's present.

When he appeared at the store the next morning, Mr. Steen stepped forward to wait on an early customer.

"Why, I'm Bennie Brighton," laughed Bennie; and Mr. Steen greatly enjoyed the joke on himself.

Steen, Merrill and Stetson closed at noon on Saturdays. Everyone at the store had taken particular pains to tell Bennie how fine he looked that morning, for they all knew about the party, and how he had made his demonstration.

When the noon bell rang and he started to leave there was a hearty chorus of—"Have a good time, Bennie!"—and with a happy smile in response he waved his cap to them and hurried on to the Wilson home. As he passed out he looked at himself in some of the long mirrors that extended to the floor and fairly jumped for joy. He felt quite like a man, and it all seemed too good to be true. Several times he

pinched himself to make sure he was fully awake. "A real party!" he thought; "And I'm going! Won't it be grand?"

At ten o'clock Andrew drove up to the door and Mrs. Wilson, provided with pillows and shawls, entered the car happy in the thought of having Bertha for the day.

Bertha and her mother were ready when they stopped at the gate, and Bessie was prancing about, as if she knew something very unusual was about to happen. She pawed the air and acted so cunning that Mrs. Wilson stopped to pet her before going to the door.

When Mrs. Brighton appeared with her wraps on, Bessie began to sneeze; a trick she frequently performed when she wanted a special favor, and now she did not want to run any chance of being left at home.

They carefully helped Bertha to the machine and bolstered her up in soft cushions. It had been many months since she had attempted to ride, but she was made very comfortable for this short distance.

Upon reaching the house, Mrs. Wilson urged Bertha to rest on the couch and left her ready for a little nap with Bessie as body-guard, while she took Mrs. Brighton up stairs.

For several years Mrs. Brighton had declined all invitations to the Wilson home. She had gone nowhere but to church, and now she wondered if she was doing right. She was afraid it would hurt Ber-

tha, and she feared the criticism of old-time friends who did not believe as the Wilsons did. However, she had come to please her children and it was too late to turn back.

"I will not allow myself to be influenced by Mrs. Wilson," she had said to herself. "I will not be rude, but if she attempts to talk to me about these strange things I will change the subject as quickly as possible."

All this passed through her mind as she removed her wraps and stepped to the window to look out at the grounds.

Directly in front of her window, was a May-pole with ribbons of pink and green in delicate shades. They were bound to the May-pole at its base to prevent their being tangled by the breeze. Several swings had been hung from branches of the larger trees, and these also had streamers of dainty colored ribbons.

A croquet set was in place and on the handle of each mallet there was a bow of its own color. No pains had been spared to make the grounds as attractive as possible. Ruth and Coit were on the lawn trying out some new game before the children arrived; and off at one side, stretched between two tall pine trees, was a large sheet on which was pinned the cloth picture of a donkey.

When Mrs. Brighton saw that she forgot all else and laughed heartily. "Well, I declare!" she said. "That carries me back a good many years. I re-

member the children had a donkey game years ago, and it always created a lot of sport. I wonder where I would put the donkey's tail now?"

Mrs. Wilson took advantage of this bit of merriment and kept her laughing first at one thing and then another, till lunch was served; and just as they went down stairs they heard the children call, "Hello, Ben!" Coit gave him a real hug as he said, "Say Ben, you surely look swell!" and Mrs. Wilson drew him to her as she would her own boy.

As Mrs. Brighton started to help Bertha to the table, Edna came from another room pushing a wheelchair. It was arranged with pillows and looked so comfortable that Bertha exclaimed, "Oh, how lovely!" She had been asleep for an hour and was well rested, and when she nestled in among the pillows she declared it was simply perfect.

Mrs. Wilson told her that the chair was to be her's just as long as she had any use for it. It had been rented for the day with the agreement that it could be kept longer if needed.

"That's just like the chair that I've been looking at down at Bell's Furniture store," said Bennie. "I thought maybe I could buy it for sister sometime. Isn't it fine?" he said, as he gave his sister a loving hug. "That's sure awfully good of you, Mrs. Wilson, and I appreciate it just as much as if it was for me." Everybody laughed at Bennie's boyish way of expressing his appreciation, and as they caught Bertha's happy smile they rejoiced in their hearts that "party day" had come at last.

"Anyway, I'm glad you've got it," continued Bennie. "I guess this is another demonstration, isn't it, Mrs. Wilson?"

Mrs. Wilson smiled but did not reply. Mrs. Brighton looked a little uneasy for she was thinking of all the different things that had taken place so unexpectedly that she could not explain. Finally she said the very thing she did not intend to say at all: "Mrs. Wilson, I have wondered why God has punished me for so many years when I have always tried to live a Christian life."

"My dear Mrs. Brighton, your life reads like a story book, and the last chapters will be far more interesting than the first. God has never punished you; He never punishes anybody. We are never really punished for our sins and shortcomings, we are punished by them. But more strictly speaking, we are never punished at all; we simply reap the results of our thoughts and acts.

"Thought is the only cause, and every cause brings its own effect. The hard and unpleasant things that come to us are results that always follow certain lines of thinking. As long as we continue to think along certain lines, certain effects are bound to follow in our lives. When we change our way of thinking, we change our effects. If we persist in sowing thistles, we should certainly not blame God because we have to reap thistles in our lives and affairs.

"Jesus said: 'What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall

have them.' Wonderful as this promise is, those who have understood the real teachings of Jesus Christ have proven it to be true, times without number, and under all conditions. You have doubtless read many times these words of Jesus: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father.' Most Christian people expect these great promises of the Master to be fulfilled sometime in the future and do not really believe that they apply to present conditions. The result of thus doubting that these great promises apply to every one of us right here and now, is that we are forever pushing our good away from us.

"'All things are possible with God;'" continued Mrs. Wilson, "and all things are possible to him that believeth; but as in every instance where Jesus healed he demanded present faith, so we must have faith to believe that God answers our prayers right here and now."

A look of inquiry on Mrs. Brighton's face caused Mrs. Wilson to pause. "What is it, dear?" she asked tenderly. "Let me help you all I can. You know I am deeply interested in your welfare."

Mrs. Brighton hesitated before replying. "I am wondering," she said, "what this new form of prayer is. Bennie tried to repeat what Coit had told him about it, but I confess I would not listen to him. I believe in prayer, but I cannot believe there is more than one kind of true prayer."

“Ah! You are right, dear; there is but one kind of true prayer. In the sixth Chapter of Matthew Jesus Christ taught us how to pray. He said, ‘But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.’ That is true prayer, and that is the prayer that is answered. Sometimes we call this form of prayer—Going into the Silence. Going into the Silence is simply going into the stillness of our own being; ‘going into the closet and closing the door.’ Here we shut out all disturbing thoughts and remembrance of things that distress us, and picture in our minds conditions that are beautiful and true, just as God created them.

“In the silence we enter into the nature of God and acquire knowledge of the One Mind. Since God knows all things, the Spirit of Truth within each one of us reveals to us the answer to our prayer; and as we wait on God faithfully, this Spirit of Truth brings into manifestation the desired conditions.

“When we are in need of anything, Spirit knows just where that thing is, and if we are sincere, this all-wise Spirit causes all things to work together for our good. We do not have to pray for everything we need. Did not Jesus say, ‘Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things?’ This means health, clothes, happy homes, anything and everything that gives us comfort and satisfaction. When we come into close communion with the Father,

when we seek first the kingdom of heaven in all things; the promise is fulfilled and all good things are added to us.

"I am sure, dear heart, that you have faith in God, although I feel that it is not an understanding faith. Paul said, 'I pray with the heart and I pray with the understanding also.' All men have faith. We could not transact any of the business of life without faith. We eat, drink, sleep, work, play, love, and establish governments, on faith. The trouble with most people is that they have either a future faith that never brings any present returns; or their thoughts are most strongly centered in the very things they do not want, and they thus draw to themselves the undesirable conditions they wish to avoid.

"You have prayed for health but believed recovery impossible, because the doctors so decreed. You have prayed for prosperity but believed it was the will of God for you to be poor. In fact, you have had no faith that your prayers would be answered, and now you are surprised that some of them have been. Am I not right? And let me tell you, dear, it is not YOUR prayers that are now being answered; it is the faith of this dear little boy that is working for you. I am reminded of a story.

" 'In a certain section there was a great shortage of rain. The farmers were desperate for this was the third dry year, and unless there was a good supply of rain the crops would be a total failure.

"It was agreed that on a certain Sunday all churches for miles around should have prayers for

rain. The Sunday arrived and the people turned out in full force, filled with the prayer of supplication.

"On the way to church they spied a little girl with a big umbrella. There was a general laugh and a cry of surprise, and then someone ventured to ask, 'What have you brought an umbrella for this beautiful day?'

"The little girl looked bewildered. Glancing around she saw that she was the only one having an umbrella. After a moment's hesitation she straightened herself up and in an astonished tone exclaimed: 'Why, I thought you were going to ask God for rain. Don't you 'spect it?'

During the meeting a heavy rain began to fall and the minister was glad to share the umbrella with the little girl, on his way home.

"Oh! the faith of a little child! How can we attempt to teach them about Jesus Christ when we have so little faith in the teaching ourselves? Jesus truly said, 'A little child shall lead them.' "

Mrs. Brighton seemed very much interested and Mrs. Wilson continued: "We must take Jesus at his word. He said, 'If ye ask anything in my name, I will do it.' "

"The doctors have no right to pass final judgment on your daughter. Although they can do no more for her, we both know that 'With God all things are possible.' Her life is in God and it is His Will that she shall be restored to wholeness.

"Jesus came to teach life. 'I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more

abundantly.' There is nothing in the teachings of Jesus about death. He taught men how to live.

"If you sincerely desire that Bertha be healed; if you believe that Jesus' promises are fulfilled now as then; if you believe that prayer is answered; there is no reason why your dear girl should not be restored to perfect health and harmony."

Coit and Ruth had been listening attentively and noticed the change of expression on Bertha's beautiful, pale face, which now reflected the wondrous new hope that had sprung up in her heart. Suddenly she turned to her mother and said: "Mother, it is true—I believe it—something within me tells me that I shall be healed."

"Bertha, I am almost ready to believe anything," replied her mother; "but what would Dr. Brewster and Dr. Foster say? You know they have—"

"Oh, Mrs. Brighton, how can you question Bertha's faith?" interrupted Mrs. Wilson. "Dr. Brewster and Dr. Foster are both following the light that they have just as our grandparents followed the tallow candle; but since we have electricity in our homes who would think of continuing to use candles? Dr. Brewster and Dr. Foster are both excellent men, but they are walking in darkness concerning Christian Healing.

"Jesus taught his disciples to preach the gospel and HEAL THE SICK; and I think you will find that they healed the sick before they did much preaching. When Jesus said, 'Ye shall know the Truth and the

Truth shall make you free,' he meant it for ALL PEOPLE, EVERYWHERE, ALWAYS."

"Mrs. Wilson, if you seriously believe that Bertha can be healed, I will not stand in her way. It is the one thing I desire more than all else in the world," said Mrs. Brighton after a moment's hesitation.

"Young people are very receptive to Truth," replied Mrs. Wilson; "their minds are not so filled with false beliefs, and in many cases their healing is instantaneous because of their great faith. You know little Buster Evans? His mother told of an interesting demonstration he made a few weeks ago. He had all the symptoms of a heavy cold coming on, and he said to his mother, 'I s'pose I've got to have that old flu,' meaning the influenza.

"Mrs. Evans is quite a Truth student. She talked to him and had him repeat the 'Prayer of Faith,' and she told him that God is Love and that God would take his cold away. Buster went to bed saying over and over—"God is my health, I can't be sick.' He slept well and in the morning there were no signs of a cold and Buster had apparently forgotten all about it. After breakfast his mother said to him, 'Your cold seems to be all gone, does it not, dear?' and Buster replied, 'Why yes, Mama, I woke up in the night and felt as if God was right in the room with me, so I said, "Hello, God! you've come to take my cold away, haven't you?" Then I went to sleep again and when I woke up this morning it was all gone; there wasn't a bit of it left. God took it all away.'

—‘Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.’ ”

This story seemed to arouse a new interest in Mrs. Brighton. She knew Mrs. Evans quite well, and asked several questions about the family. She was surprised to know that Buster had passed his sixth birthday and would enter school the next year, and she could not keep from smiling at the intimacy with which he talked to God.

Bertha had been listening very attentively, and as they left the table she expressed a desire to rest. She was wheeled into the library and as she settled back among the cushions she declared she was perfectly comfortable. Mrs. Wilson was about to leave the room when Bertha said, “Mother, let us forget all that the doctors have said, and try to believe the beautiful things that Mrs. Wilson has told us. There is something very soothing and comforting about them. I feel stronger already and I have a new hope about myself. I believe I shall get well. I forgive the doctors for I am sure they have done the best they could for me.”

“Oh!” said Mrs. Wilson, “with that beautiful spirit of prompt forgiveness, you are indeed receptive to the mighty power of Truth;” and as she turned from the room she breathed an earnest prayer that the healing power of Jesus Christ should even now restore Bertha to wholeness.

Mrs. Brighton was deeply touched. Bertha had never expressed herself before regarding her condi-

tion, as her case had seemed utterly hopeless. Now her mother caressed her tenderly; then taking a book from the table she seated herself by the window and was soon lost in thought. She appeared to be reading; but she was reviewing in her mind all that Mrs. Wilson had said, and she wondered if it could really be true.

Finally she glanced at the book that lay open in her lap, her eye caught a sentence that fixed her attention and she eagerly followed line after line and page after page while all else was forgotten. These wonderful interpretations of Truth awakened in her soul a new vision of life and she earnestly prayed for understanding.

CHAPTER XI

Bertha's Healing

WHEN lunch had been cleared away Mrs. Wilson helped to arrange the last details for the afternoon and then went to the library to join Bertha and her mother. Upon entering the room she thought Bertha was sleeping and did not disturb her. She was pleased to find that Mrs. Brighton was reading one of the Truth books she had found on the library table. As she stood watching mother and daughter she silently declared:

"You love the Truth, therefore the Spirit of Truth will lead you into all Truth, the whole Truth and nothing but the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free."

She turned from the room quietly, scarcely conscious that she was giving voice to the beautiful song that was singing in her heart:

"God is love, that love surrounds you,
In that love you safely dwell;
'Tis above, beneath, within you,
Love is yours and all is well."

As she stopped to arrange some flowers in the hall, she continued with the chorus:

"God is love, pure love,
God is love, sweet love,
That love is yours, yours,
And all is well."

Bertha was aroused by the first strains and listened until the last note died away. It seemed to her that she had never heard anything so sweet. She began humming it herself and was pleased to find that she could remember the simple words of the song.

As a child she had shown great talent for music, and the piano was about the only thing that had not been sacrificed. She had a sweet voice for singing but during the weary years of her sickness she rarely used it. This song made her forget herself for the time being, and as she lay back among the pillows she was greatly soothed and for the first time in months she was free from all pain.

Mrs. Wilson went to her room and spent an hour in perfect silence. The scene in the library had awakened in her the need for a higher realization of God's healing love. She knew that Bertha was pure Spirit, made after the image and likeness of God. She knew that God created neither pain nor sickness, and she knew that there was but one Creator;—that everything He made was good—very good, and that there was no reality in anything that God had not created.

Then centering her thoughts on Bertha, she affirmed confidently: "You have nothing to fear, dear heart, for perfect love casteth out all fear. Your life is not touched by the appearance of disease nor by the decree of any man, for your life is hid with Christ in God. God is your life. Omnipresent Spirit fills every place and the false law of the Spirit of Life

in Christ Jesus has made you free from the law of sin and death, and nothing can deprive you of this freedom.

"You are free from all criticism and condemnation. The swift, quick energy of Spirit is now active in every organ in your body and you are made whole through its perfect work. Every cell in your body is filled with the life and intelligence of Spirit. All the activities of the Spirit in your body temple are perfect and harmonious, and every function is performed in Divine Order and Harmony.

"God in the midst of you is mighty to quicken, to strengthen, to heal, to vitalize, to renew, and to make entirely whole. The consciousness of Perfect Life now fills you. You *are* perfect life, therefore you are unified with Infinite Spirit Substance, and the overflowing abundance of Christ Life now manifests as health and peace in your body temple. You are Spirit, and you control your spiritual life and its outer expression."

Then settling back in a state of complete relaxation she softly sang: "I clothe you safely around with Infinite Love and Wisdom."

Because of her understanding faith in God, Mrs. Wilson knew that Bertha's condition was not a reality for God had no part in it, and she now saw her perfect in every way and refused to recognize anything else.

She had been raised to a state of consciousness where she realized her oneness with the Father, and

her voice was clear and positive as she said aloud: "Bertha Brighton, God in his love pours into your being His healing stream of Life. It flows freely through every cell and nerve in your body, healing, cleansing, renewing, and restoring you to wholeness. I declare your freedom from every appearance of imperfection, and in the name of Jesus Christ you are healed and made every whit whole.

Bertha had always loved to study the Bible, and now while she was resting she recalled many passages that had a new meaning to her and she was thrilled when she realized that she had the faith to claim the promises therein. As the moments passed she became more and more convinced that these applied as directly to her as to the afflicted in Christ's time, and she prayed earnestly that she might become receptive to the healing power.

Suddenly she heard a voice calling her and instantly she stepped from her chair and stood before her mother. Mrs. Brighton jumped to her feet, letting her book fall to the floor, as she said, "Why Bertha! What are you doing? Be careful! You will fall!"

"But Mother, I am healed! I am healed!" cried Bertha. "I have had no pain since dinner, but I did not realize I was healed until a voice called me and told me to arise and I obeyed. Oh Mother! Think what this will mean to us. Oh, how wonderful that I can walk alone!"

"Yes, it is wonderful that you can even stand alone," replied her mother; "but you know how Dr.



Bertha's Healing

Foster has cautioned you about a fall;" and as she spoke Mrs. Brighton attempted to take hold of her, but Bertha stepped to one side and was out of her reach.

Mrs. Wilson had been aroused by the stir in the room below and hastened down stairs. She reached the library door just as Bertha answered: "Mother darling, can't you understand? I am healed! God has healed me!! I know it. Something within me tells me so and I shall not fall."

Mrs. Brighton sank into a chair as Mrs. Wilson drew Bertha into her arms saying, "Father, I thank Thee that thou hast heard me, and I know that thou hearest me always, for I ask in the name of Jesus Christ."

By this time Mrs. Brighton was weeping for joy. "Can it be true? Does God restore health to the afflicted?" and she repeated over and over again: "Oh! What does this mean? What does this mean?"

Stepping to the chair in which Mrs. Brighton was sitting, and laying her hand tenderly on her shoulder, Mrs. Wilson replied, "My dear, the healing that Jesus did was in obedience to Law; the Law that governs the universe, and that Law is in operation today just as it was when the Great Master used it. But in order to come under that Law, we must pay the price. As taught by Jesus Christ, we must renounce the belief in sin, sickness and death, and have faith in the power of God to answer prayer. Jesus said, 'He that believeth on me, the works that I do

shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do.' And again he said, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do.'

"There have been those ever since the time of our Saviour who, through faith, have healed the sick; but the world has been asleep to the Truth of Being all these centuries and it is just waking up. Bertha has touched the very Source of Life. She had child-like faith and believed as soon as she heard the Christ message. She responded to the call of the Spirit, and has paid the price. And what has happened to her is freely offered to every suffering soul in the Universe."

"Oh, Mrs. Wilson! How can I ever repay you for the part you have taken in my wonderful healing?" asked Bertha, as she snuggled up close to her and smoothed back the few stray hairs that lay over her forehead.

"My dear child, I am only the channel through which this healing power flows. 'I, of myself, can do nothing; it is the Father within me, he doeth the works.' God works through human channels. It is our mission on this earth to do the will of the Father. But, dear heart, your own faith has had much to do with your healing. You know Jesus again said, 'According to your faith be it unto you.'"

"Oh! this is all so beautiful!" replied Bertha. "Why have I never understood these wonderful promises before?"

"Ah! that is the great question. The fields are white to harvest, but the laborers are few. The

world is full of good Christian people who are literally starving for Truth and know it not. Sick, poor, unhappy, as they are, they are seeking satisfaction in material ways, believing that God intends them to bear their burdens, either as punishment for past sins or as a means of purification whereby they may sometime reach heaven;" said Mrs. Wilson.

"Yes," replied Bertha, as if considering very carefully what Mrs. Wilson had just said; "I believe you are right."

"I, too, believe I am right," said Mrs. Wilson. "These dear people are looking for heaven and happiness in the next plane of existence when heaven is right here and now, if we can but accept it. 'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?' The Christ is within each one of us, and when we come into the understanding and recognition of this Truth, we establish God's kingdom within ourselves and behold the coming of the Christ, not in human form, but in the hearts of all who receive him."

Both Bertha and her mother were greatly moved by this wonderful explanation of God's Omnipresence. It seemed at that moment that the Great Master was nearer than ever before and Bertha's sweet, pale face became radiant.

Again embracing Mrs. Wilson, Bertha asked her if she would sing for her.

"Sing for you, dear? Why yes, if you wish me to,—but what shall I sing?"

"The song you were singing a while ago about 'God is Love,' " answered Bertha.

Mrs. Wilson stepped to the piano and when she had finished the second verse, Bertha, who was now standing beside her, joined in the chorus.

"God is Life, pure Life,
God is Life, sweet Life,
That Life is mine, mine,
And all is well."

And then together they sang, "God is Health," and "God is Peace."

While they were singing the children passed the library window. "Who is singing with Mother?" asked Ruth, as they stopped to listen, and then tip-toed into the house. When they saw Bertha standing by the piano they looked at each other in amazement. As the last verse was finished and she turned to speak to her mother, Bertha caught sight of them and cried: "Oh, I am healed! I am healed, Bennie! I am healed! God has healed me, and it is all your doing!" She stepped forward to meet them and they all embraced her, but Mrs. Brighton begged them not to hurt her.

"Another demonstration!" cried Bennie as he cast a grateful look toward Coit. "I sure am glad you told me about demonstrating and I want to know how to keep it going."

Then he sidled up to his mother and slipped his arms about her neck, as he said, "Coit told me that Bertha could be healed and I believed him, Mother."

CHAPTER XII

The Party

BERTHA was urged to remain quiet for the afternoon, as it would be unwise for her to overtax her strength; so she again nestled back in her comfortable chair, and from the library window she watched the arrival of the little folks.

Just as she got nicely settled a machine drove up filled with children. Coit received them at the door and Ruth ushered them into the breakfast room where they were to remove their wraps. There were Mildred and Dorothy and Barbara and Eileen and Forbes and Lois and Willis and the three Cook children. It was a merry group. Mrs. Randall had started out with her own little folks and stopped for the others on the way.

Ruth and Coit greeted them heartily, and as they passed the library door Bertha heard Ruth say, "Oh, Dorothy, I'm so glad you have come! Bertha Brighton is here, and what do you think? She has been healed! God has healed her and she can walk just like anybody."

The voices died away, but Bertha had a vision of a dear little pale-faced boy who had not come with his sister, and she believed that his crutches could be thrown away and that he would be able to run and play like other children. Could she have followed the

voices she would have heard Ruth say, "And your little brother can be healed, too. I am going to talk to your mother about it."

Just then another group of young people came running up the steps and Ruth met them in the hall. It was Marian and Lolita and Buster, with the Foster children, whose father had been Bertha's physician.

The children were now coming so fast that Ruth could not handle them alone and Mrs. Wilson went to her assistance. James and Curtis Steen were there and Leonora and Frances Brewster, the minister's two daughters.

Then there were the Merrill children, three beautiful little girls, and Evelyn Rogers who had been in Mrs. Wilson's Sunday School class. It was fully a quarter past two when the last machine came whirling up to the door with Aunt Margaret and the three cousins, Geraldine, Dotty, and Hugh.

Aunt Margaret had been visiting with her mother up in Oregon, and having persuaded her to spend the summer with them in their beautiful home in Sunny California, she had planned a surprise and arrived the night before the party.

Coit saw the machine first, and as it turned into the grounds he thought, "Why, that looks like Aunt Margaret." Then he recognized his cousins; "But who can the other lady be?" He couldn't even guess, and when the car stopped Mrs. Wilson and everybody else was startled by his exclamation, "Oh, Grandma! Where did you come from?" and they all rushed to

the door. Even Edna who was arranging sandwiches on a big platter nearly dropped a tray of them in her hurry to see what had happened.

Ruth was on the play-ground when these last guests arrived and it was several minutes before she spied them; she really did not see them at all until Hugh, boy fashion, slipped up behind her and put his hands over her eyes. She guessed everybody she could think of, but of course she did not guess Hugh for she had no idea he was anywhere about. When he took his hands down she was overjoyed to find all the dear ones there. Nothing could have added more to the enjoyment of the day for she was very fond of them all, and it was a lovely surprise to have them at the party.

It was a joyous meeting and Mrs. Wilson wanted to sit right down and visit, but Ruth could not manage the games alone, so, after a few minutes, they led Grandma to a comfortable rocker on the side porch from which she could see everything, and Bertha and her mother joined her. Aunt Margaret insisted on helping with the games.

The May-pole dance had been set for four o'clock, and Mrs. Wilson and Aunt Margaret arranged the children in groups for the games. Ruth had the list of leaders arranged, and as their names were called, they proudly took their respective places.

Marian was leader for the croquet, and Ruth was in her set. Evelyn was leader for the ping-pong, Frances Brewster had asked for the donkey game;



The May Pole Dance

and the little folks had a corner all fixed up with bunting where they played house with tiny furniture and dolls. Then there were the swings, and basketball, and races and a number of smaller games for groups of four or five.

When everything was going merrily Mrs. Wilson led Mrs. Brighton to the donkey. When her turn came a napkin was tied over her eyes, a donkey's tail and pin were placed in her hand, and she was turned around three times, and told to go. She thought she was walking straight ahead and was sure that she would put the tail just where it belonged, but before she could get the napkin off to see what she had done there was such a scream of laughter that every game was stopped, for she had pinned the tail right on the end of the donkey's nose. The children clapped and danced for joy, and Mrs. Brighton and Bertha laughed more heartily than they had laughed in years.

At four o'clock, eight little folks, with ribbons to match their streamers, marched to the May-pole and took their places. The Victrola had been moved out on the porch, and as the music began it was like fairyland. The children had been carefully trained and not a mistake was made. In and out they floated like fairies, and when the dance was over each stood in an appointed place while Mrs. Wilson took a picture of them.

Bessie had been kept up on the porch while the games were going on, for while she had almost human

intelligence it was difficult to make her understand that even a very nice dog could sometimes be in the way when children were playing; so she lay at the top of the steps, both paws stretched out before her and her nose right down close to her paws. Every little while she would cackle like an old hen, and she doubtless intended this for scolding. Her large, soft, brown eyes were almost human in expression, and without moving her head she would look first at Bertha and then at Mrs. Brighton, as much as to say:

"Really, this is cruel,—you know how I love to play."

However, Bessie was a very wise dog and she knew her time would come for a regular romp if she were patient. She also knew the children were as eager for a romp as she was. And so it poved to be, for just the instant the games were finished they all cried as in one voice, "Come on, Bessie!" and in the wild scramble that followed it seemed as if there were a dozen dogs mixed up with the children instead of one.

After the frolic was over, she again took her place beside Bertha perfectly contented to become a sedate member of the family circle once more.

A long table had been set under the trees and when the covers were removed there was another general shout. In the center was a large white frosted birthday cake with fifteen candles of different colors around it. The place cards were blue bells of cardboard. They were hand-painted, each bearing a

name in gold letters. The children marched around the table until each child found the card bearing its own name.

Seats had been made of smooth boards, and these were covered with strips of canvas. A beautiful bon-bon was at each plate, and there were several small dishes of candy, nuts, and raisins.

Ruth was seated in front of the cake, and Bertha was directly opposite. Mrs. Wilson was at one end of the table and Aunt Margaret at the other to see that the children were all cared for. Edna had a seat reserved near Bertha, but as she enjoyed waiting on the little folks she spent the most of the time moving about the table.

When everyone was in place, Mrs. Wilson arose and stepped to Bertha's side. She placed one hand on her shoulder and said, "Children, something beautiful has taken place here today and we are all very happy. This dear girl, whom the most of you know and dearly love, has been healed by the power of God. She is perfectly well after years of suffering. The doctors did all they could for her, the church people prayed to the best of their understanding for her, and they all decided that it was God's will for her to suffer and die.

"Today for the first time, she realized that God is love and never afflicts his children. She learned that disease cannot be real since God never created it, and she has proved that the healing power of Jesus Christ is just as much a Truth today as it was two

thousand years ago. She believed all of this, and because of her faith, she is healed."

Then holding a match in her hand she continued, "Before we light the candles let us close our eyes and thank our heavenly Father for showing us that in the name of Jesus Christ he is able and willing to heal the sick; and let us praise his Holy Name for restoring our dear one to health and wholeness.

"Any of you who learn this beautiful lesson may become messengers of Truth and help others. This means that there are many who need the healing message of the Truth, but there are few who are willing or ready to give their lives to the work."

After a few brief words of thanksgiving Bertha began singing, "God is Love;" and before she had finished the first line, several of the children who attended Mrs. Wilson's Sunday School joined with her. When she repeated the chorus nearly every child sang.

As the candles were lighted the children opened their bonbons and had a merry time putting on their paper caps and hats. There were soldiers and sailors and drum majors and sun-bonnet babies and two clowns. It was a beautiful picture with all the gay colorings, and the children wondered how these pretty things were ever put up in such tiny packages.

After the sandwiches had been served, Ruth put the point of a knife into the center of the cake and held it there while everyone made a wish for her. She made a wish also, but she would not tell what it

was, only that it could not come true until her eighteenth birthday.

After refreshments had been served Bertha made Bessie do all her favorite tricks for the tidbits she fed her. She sneezed, spoke both aloud and very softly, and caught bits that were thrown directly to her. This all amused the children greatly, and as each one wished to share in the sport of making her perform she had quite a meal, and tasted almost everything but the lemonade. She dearly loved ice cream, and a dish was served to her; but as each child wished her to have a taste of theirs, she had all she would eat.

Before they left the table Mrs. Wilson distributed prizes for the games and Bennie was given a nice in-door baseball. He threw it to Coit, but Coit was not looking so it fell to the ground and rolled off. Bessie always kept her eye on a ball and in no time she was scampering about with it in her mouth, and nearly all of the children chasing her. In and out among them she pranced, dodging here and there, and it was several minutes before they cornered her.

Then they played, "Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows;" and "London Bridge." Following these were races, swings and small games until the automobiles began to arrive to take the children home, and they all declared they had had a glorious time.

As the last group of little folks ran down the steps, Mrs. Wilson turned to Mrs. Brighton and said, "Now dear, you are to remain with us for dinner, and

Leonard will come with Mr. Wilson. We will take you home this evening."

A moment later, the Wilson machine stopped at the door and Andrew called out in a cheery voice, "I'm going after Mr. Wilson; do you children want a ride?"

"Sure we do," answered Coit, and they all scrambled into the back seat. And as they drove away Mrs. Wilson hurried to the kitchen to help Edna.

CHAPTER XIII

Leonard Brings Good News

EXTRA help had been engaged to assist Edna in clearing things away, and when the auto returned from town order had been restored to both house and grounds, and a splendid dinner prepared.

The children had agreed not to tell about Bertha's healing, but to let it be a surprise to Mr. Wilson and Leonard when they got home. Bennie was so happy that it was hard for him to keep the secret, but Ruth and Coit kept him busy laughing at their nonsense and they felt relieved when they finally drove into their own grounds.

Bertha was waiting for them in the hall, and when they drove past the open door Leonard caught a glimpse of her. He could not believe his eyes, but as he got out of the machine he said, "W-H-Y! Who is that? It looks like Bertha."

The children were very busy at that moment and pretended they did not hear. Bennie had quite a coughing spell to keep from saying something, for, as he expressed it afterwards, he had to make some kind of a noise or "bust."

Leonard hurried up the steps and in another minute he stood as if beholding a vision. Bertha had thrown herself into his arms and was crying for joy.

Straightening himself up he said, "Why, Bertha darling! What does this mean?"

"O, you dear, faithful, loving brother," she replied; "See! I AM HEALED! God has healed me. Every bit of pain has left me and I can walk alone;" and to further convince her loyal and brave-hearted brother, who stood trying to control the wonder and gladness that almost overwhelmed him, she slowly but easily and steadily walked across the hall and back again, singing softly, "God is Love." The world never witnessed a more beautiful and touching scene than this sacred meeting of brother and sister—no, not even when Jesus was doing wonderful works of healing long ago.

Then Bertha told him of Mrs. Wilson's wonderful explanation of Christ's healing power, and how she had accepted it and responded to the spoken word.

Mr. Wilson looked on with a heart filled with praise and thanksgiving, and he was quite overcome as he took both of Bertha's hands in his and said, "You blessed girl! Of course God has healed you; and this is only the beginning of a new life for you all. You will find God just as willing to do other things for you as he has been to make you whole."

That was a dinner never to be forgotten by anyone at the table. Even Edna felt the sacredness of it and moved about with unusual care and reverence. The children were not hungry, but Mr. Wilson and Leonard did full justice to the meal.

A few days before Mrs. Brighton had felt so alone in life, but now she found Mr. Wilson and his

wonderful wife ready to take her to their hearts as an own sister in Christ. What more could she ask? "Surely," she thought, "I shall be ungrateful for my blessings if I ever refer to my past sorrows again;" and before the meal was over she had consecrated herself to the Master and to his glorious service, with a faith and understanding that she could not explain.

As they moved from the table Leonard asked his mother how she would like to go back into the old home.

"Oh Leonard! You know how I have always loved the old home, but that is impossible. Mr. Meeks' daughter has lived there for years, and even if it were to be rented, the furniture we now have is not suitable. I would not want to return to that neighborhood until we are in a position to take proper care of the place and live comfortably."

"But," answered Leonard, "supposing it is offered to us all furnished at a rental we can meet? Would not my present salary, with the promised increase, be sufficient? And now that Bertha is well, our expenses will not be so heavy. Then Bennie has a good position for a little fellow, too."

"Y-e-s, I know," said his mother; "but is it possible that—"

"Yes, dearest Mother, it is more than possible, for it is about settled. Mr. Meeks and Mr. Steen called at the plant, and Mr. Meeks offered it to us on a three years' lease during his daughter's absence. He will call to see you to arrange the details tomor-

row, but he allowed me to bring the lease home to show to you."

"When does Mrs. Dodge leave? When would he have us move?" asked Mrs. Brighton.

"They leave next Thursday, but there are some minor repairs necessary on the house and it will be ready for us in about ten days. With the exception of personal belongings the furnishings are to remain as they are, including a fine phonograph of the latest model."

Mrs. Brighton could not find words to express her delight as she looked from one to another of her dear ones. When her eyes rested on Bennie, tears of joy and thanksgiving trickled down her careworn cheeks. She recalled certain business relations between her husband and Mr. Meeks in the years gone by, and now she recognized that the lost locket had been the link in the chain of circumstances that had brought him back into her life again. Was this chance?

Bennie sprang to his mother's side and with both arms tightly clasped about her, said, "Why, Mother dear, this is only another demonstration. Won't we have good times though? Please don't cry.

"Why—Coit tells me that we have opened a lot of avenues by turning to God for our help, and now everything will come our way. So you must get used to demonstrations and expect them. He told me to thank God ahead of time, before anything happens, but to expect everything to happen just right. I am

trying to do as he said, and I am awfully glad that I gave thanks today, for so many things have come to make us happy. You see how it works now, don't you, Mother?"

His mother was silent, but Mrs. Wilson smiled as Bennie was talking, and when he had finished she said, "You precious little fellow, Coit was right, and I am glad you are following his advice. Protection and success through life come only from recognizing daily the All-Good, for Divine Law governs all things. I am reminded of a true story.

"A carpenter was working on a scaffold on a high building when something gave way and he fell to the ground. Many rushed to the scene expecting to find his body crushed. He was stunned by the shock, but after a few minutes he got up uninjured, and started to walk away.

"One man who stood near by stepped up to him and asked, 'What did you think when you found yourself falling?'

" 'Man,' he replied, 'there was no time to think at all when I realized that I was falling; I did my thinking before I left home this morning.' "

While Mrs. Wilson was talking, the burden of past sorrows and limitations seemed to be lifted from the struggling woman. She was brought to a clearer consciousness of the ever-present power and loving kindness of her heavenly Father and she gratefully acknowledged God's Hand in every new blessing.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson joined heartily in the plans for the new home and offered assistance in every way

possible. Their automobile was placed at Mrs. Brighton's service and Andrew gladly volunteered to be her right hand man as Leonard could not very well remain away from work.

Bertha entered into all of the plans with a spirit of joyous enthusiasm. Her face became radiant as she looked at her dear ones and realized what her healing meant to them all. She was to remain as a guest in the Wilson home until the moving was completed, and Bennie and his dog were invited to spend Sunday with Coit.

As Mr. Wilson sensed the great love in Bertha's heart, he knew that the dear girl would become a most useful worker in the Father's vineyard. Bertha seemed to read his thoughts for instantly she said, "Mr. Wilson, I want to know more about this blessed Truth that has healed me. I am just hungry for it. I want to understand it so that I can help others as Mrs. Wilson has helped me. I want to know how to heal."

"My dear child, it is no secret. We all have power to heal. Our ability to do so depends upon our willingness to follow the Christ all the way; to live the Christ life. God is no respecter of persons. You know that Jesus said, 'I of myself can do nothing; it is the Father within me, he doeth the works.'

"It is our mission to manifest God in every way. When we have the understanding and the earnest desire to do so, we can become channels through which the power of God, in the name of Jesus Christ, can

flow. Such ones are called healers. They are also teachers, for as soon as one understands the Truth there comes the desire to tell others about it."

"Oh how wonderful!" said Bertha; "then I shall be a teacher and healer; for I long to tell everybody what God has done for me. What a delightful week I shall have here in your beautiful home."

"Earnest desire is prayer," broke in Mrs. Wilson; "and if in your heart you desire to become a messenger of Truth, the way will open for you. God needs you, for the laborers are few."

If Mrs. Wilson had looked around at that moment she would have caught a new light in Ruth's eye, for in her mind she was again back on the window seat in her own room, where in the morning she had seen in letters of gold, "The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few;" and now she saw it again.

Already a part of her vision had come true; for here was Bertha, no longer an invalid, but planning to take the Christ message into the world even before she herself was ready to do so, for she must continue her education. She shook herself a little to arouse from this reverie and silently said, "The Spirit of the Lord goes before me and makes easy and successful my way."

CHAPTER XIV

The New Home

MR. WILSON and Leonard remained in the library talking over the details of the coming move, while Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Brighton went up stairs to look over Coit's clothing. A number of good garments that would supply Benine's needs for both work and play were selected, and this left his new suit for better wear only.

When they returned, Mr. Wilson suggested that they take a short walk. Bertha was feeling so well that she insisted on accompanying them, and Leonard gallantly offered his arm as he said, "My darling Sister, this is the finest thing that has happened in my whole life."

Bertha laughed a real happy little laugh as she took the offered arm, saying, "Thank you, Brother, I have many times dreamed of walking with you in this way, and now my dream has come true."

"Yes, dear, and many more of your dreams will come true. You know I just need a sister like you for a companion. We shall be real Pals now, and it will be fine for both of us. I have always longed for this time to come, and now we can make each other very happy. I have almost envied young men who have had the companionship of their sisters, and I shall be mighty proud of you, I can tell you. Do you

remember what fine times we used to have when we were children?"

"Indeed I do," answered Bertha. "I have lived those good old times over and over again; and now to think that just as I am able to help you all enjoy it, we are to go back into the dear old home. How we shall love it!"

Mr. Wilson was in the lead, but because of Bertha they were strolling along leisurely. The boys were throwing sticks and playing with the dog and no one realized where they were going. Suddenly Bennie saw Elmer in the front yard, and turning back to meet his mother, said, "Oh! there is the house now."

When Elmer recognized the boys he came forward to greet them. "Why, hello boys," he said. Then turning to Bennie he continued, "I'm awfully glad you folks are going to live in our house while we are away, and I know you'll like it here because there's a dandy ball ground way out in the back."

Then turning to the others, Elmer shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and Ruth, and was introduced to the Brighton family; after which he said, "Come on in and see Mother and Father."

Mr. and Mrs. Dodge were sitting on the front porch, and when they saw them turn into the grounds they came to meet them and invited them to look the place over. They marveled at Bertha's healing, and expressed the most complete satisfaction in leaving the home in such good hands.

Mrs. Brighton had never visited the old home since she left it ten years before, and now she was charmed with its beauty. The front of the house was covered with rose vines and the spacious grounds were very attractive with their well kept lawns and tall trees, many of which Mr. and Mrs. Brighton had planted in their early married life.

A number of improvements had been made that interested Mrs. Brighton greatly. A large screen porch had been added to the rear of the house and this opened to a long arbor covered with grape vines. On one side of this was a tennis court, while on the other side was an assortment of fruit trees and berry vines. In the rear was the baseball ground that Elmer and his friends had enjoyed so much, and in a far corner was a well kept chicken yard, with about a dozen fine hens, and a good sized shed that housed a beautiful Jersey cow. On one side of this enclosure there was a chicken coop with a long run-way surrounded by a fence of fine wire, and in this was a proud mother hen with her brood of little yellow puff balls, all cuddled under their mother's wing.

When Mrs. Brighton was told that all of these luxuries were to be left for their use she was spell-bound. No words could express the gratitude that filled her heart. She could only say, "This seems too good to be true."

In the meantime Elmer had taken the boys to the stable, adjoining the chicken yard, to show them his pony. Suddenly he ran into the house and re-

turned in a jiffy with several lumps of sugar which he divided between Bennie and Coit, saying, "Pon just loves sugar. He is awfully gentle and you may feed it to him as an introduction."

Turning to Bennie, he said, "You know I am going to leave him for you to ride while I am away. I told Mother I would rather leave him here than have him taken to a strange place, and she has consented, so I want him to like you right from the start. I know you will be good to him."

Elmer then led Pon out and saddled him and told the boys they might "take turns having a ride."

Bennie thanked Elmer as well as he could as he stroked Pon's neck; he promised that he would do his utmost to take the very best care of him and would find out just how to do this.

Pon pricked up his ears as though he understood and then looked the boys over pretty carefully. He remembered the sugar, however, and so, after Coit had mounted, he pranced about a little and then settled down to a gentle trot and seemed perfectly willing that they should each have a good ride down the road.

When Bennie started on his ride Bessie hardly knew what to make of it. She chased after him barking and nipping at Pon as he trotted along, and Bennie could not seem to make her understand. It was evident that she had some fears of having to take second place in Bennie's affections.

Pon, however, took it good-naturedly, and when Bennie dismounted he tossed his head high in the air

and tried to play with Bessie, as much as to say, "You silly doggie, we will all be friends together."

This was great sport for the boys, and Bennie was very happy. He and the pony had become good friends already, and as Pon rubbed his nose against Bennie's cheek they all laughed at the pony's way of thanking him for his kind words.

Bessie had to be petted, too, and she sidled up to Bennie and began poking him with her nose to attract his attention. Coit tried to have a romp with her, but she persisted in poking Bennie, until he threw a stick and then the romp began.

Suddenly, as Bessie started after the stick, she spied Elmer's pet cat. Bessie had never been known to hurt a cat, but if there was one thing she did enjoy it was chasing cats. Usually when she had one cornered she would simply stand looking at it and then back away. She knew this was a forbidden sport, but if she saw the cat first she would be after it in a flash and then sneak back expecting a scolding. However, if she was told not to touch the "pretty kitty," she would scold about it but would not even look at it.

In this instance, she saw the cat first and Elmer screamed when he saw her start after it, for he expected to see his pet torn to pieces. Bennie called after her in no uncertain tones, but it was too late; the temptation was too great, and she was gaining rapidly.

Suddenly the cat swung about and Bessie was greatly surprised when she not only spit at her but

dug her claws into her nose, and for a moment there was a regular cat and dog fracas. Then Bessie came running back, her face and tail showing all the guilt and remorse of her gentle nature, and she dropped at Bennie's feet as much as to say, "I know I've been a bad dog,—but I thought it would be a lot of fun." This incident, however, assured Elmer that henceforth the kitty would have nothing to fear from Bessie, and it seemed quite possible that they might become real play-fellows.

As they turned toward home, Mrs. Wilson expressed her sincere pleasure in having Mrs. Brighton for a neighbor again and insisted upon being made useful in every way possible. "You know," she said, "there are many little things that someone else can just as well do for you, to save your strength, and I shall really enjoy helping you."

Bennie and Coit had held back, talking with Elmer, and when they caught up, quite out of breath, Bennie said, "My! but things are coming our way! Who could ever have guessed that I would have a pony?"



CHAPTER XV

Dr. Brewster Makes a Call

HARDLY had the machine left the grounds to take Mrs. Brighton and Leonard home, when Dr. Brewster drove in. After being ushered into the library he seemed rather embarrassed. He had not called on Mrs. Wilson for over two years and it was now evident that he had something on his mind. During his last call she had presented arguments which were difficult for him to meet, and now he rather dreaded another interview, especially in the presence of Mr. Wilson.

There was an unmistakable awkwardness for a little, and then, after looking at Bertha rather critically, he said: "Mrs. Wilson, what is this I am hearing about Mrs. Brighton's daughter? My children came home from the party with stories that need investigating. I cannot believe them, and would like to know who is responsible for them. There is no question but that Bertha is able to walk, for they saw her do so; but she has been under the care of able physicians, and what authority is there for claiming that a miracle has been performed when we all know that the age of miracles is past."

"Dr. Brewster, the stories you refer to are true," said Bertha, getting up from her chair and moving it to where she was facing him. "I was healed by the

power of God. My whole inner Being tells me so; and I was healed because I believed that God could heal me. I heard a voice as plainly as I hear your voice, and I obeyed the call and stepped from my chair, healed."

"I have always had the greatest feeling of reverence for you, Dr. Brewster, and I have always believed what you told me; but now I know that you do not understand. You are teaching only partial Truths, while Jesus taught the whole Truth that makes us free. Jesus plainly said, 'He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also.' Certainly Jesus did not ask or expect his followers to do impossible things."

Dr. Brewster moved uneasily in his chair and ran his fingers through his hair several times, but as he did not answer, Bertha continued: "I have been thinking of your dear wife today. I love Mrs. Brewster, and she is as great a sufferer as I have been, only she is able to get around. Would you have her healed if you could?"

"I would give everything I possess to have her a well woman," replied Dr. Brewster; "but the physicians give me no hope. They say it is only a matter of time."

"Only a matter of time with them to be sure; that is the same story they told me. 'With God all things are possible,' and there is no time but the present, for we live in the eternal now. How can you still doubt when you see me, and know that the

same verdict had been placed upon me by several doctors whom you know well. God is no respecter of persons; as he has healed me, so can he heal your wife, and just as completely."

Bertha's face glowed with spiritual illumination and power.

"You preach that God is Love and that God is All-Power. Surely, if God is Love, he is as willing to heal Mrs. Brewster as he was to heal me. You say you would give all you possess to have her healed. Can it be that God's love that fills the whole Universe is less than the little ray of divine love that is shining in your heart? God says, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' Dr. Brewster, you know that Love cannot WILL sickness and pain upon its own child;—you would not do such a thing and God is not less loving and just than you are.

"Since God is All-Power, he can and does heal. Does He not say, 'I am the Lord that healeth thee.' Oh! I see it so clearly now! I want you to see it, too. All the sickness and pain I passed through were lessons I had to learn to turn me to the living waters of health and happiness that Christ Jesus offers to all men. As soon as I regain my strength I want to tell the story of my healing to the world, and I intend to study faithfully that I may do so intelligently.

"Mrs. Wheeler's husband can be healed of intemperance and become a decent citizen again and take proper care of his beautiful family. Little Alfred Thompson and Chester Andrews can throw

away their crutches and run and play like other children. Shiftlessness and poverty can be healed, and Dr. Brewster, it is up to you and me to take our places in the world for the Truth. Jesus said, 'And ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free,' and now that we know the Truth, we must devote our lives to telling the story to others.

"You know the Bible, Dr. Brewster, and you could do a wonderful work preaching the Truth right in your church. Your people would all love the simple message of Truth, and—"

"What do you mean by Truth, Bertha?" interrupted Dr. Brewster.

"I mean the simple message that God is All, and that Jesus Christ heals people today and makes them happy and prosperous and loving. This is the message that I shall take to suffering humanity, and if you will, you can take a very much stronger message than I can. Why! Dr. Brewster, if you should give that kind of a sermon on Sundays, your church would not hold the people."

"Christians have a right to expect healing in the churches. Jesus Christ told his disciples to go out into all the world to preach the gospel and heal the sick. We are all God's children, and all people must know this Truth.

"I have been thinking things over today, and I know that you do not have to endure those severe headaches you have so often. Your dear little girls do not have to have tonsilitis every few months, and

they do not have to have their tonsils out either. The same power that healed me will heal you and them."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were astonished to hear Bertha talk. What was there for them to say? The Brighton family had always attended Dr. Brewster's church. In fact, that is where Mr. and Mrs. Brighton had been married, and where their children had received their early instruction in the Bible.

Then Bertha laughed a real happy laugh, as she said, "I am glad you called this evening, and I guess you came to see me instead of Mrs. Wilson."

Dr. Brewster arose, and, bidding them all a tender good night, led Bertha to the door. As Mrs. Wilson held his hand in parting, she said to him:

"Dr. Brewster, 'To whom much is given, of him shall much be required.' We have always believed in the sincerity of your work, but from this day on you are called to give to the world a new and a truer vision of God and our relationship to him. We shall spend much time in prayer for you. Especially tonight and during your services tomorrow we shall pray that you may be guided by the Spirit of Truth, which is your real teacher."

Upon reaching home, Dr. Brewster went directly to his study. He opened his Bible first to John 14: 12-15—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father." Again he read, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do, that the

Father may be glorified in the Son." "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

After several hours in prayer and meditation he destroyed the carefully prepared notes for his morning sermon that lay on the table before him. Again he dropped into deep meditation and it was nearly morning when he retired.

Mrs. Brewster was a frail little woman. She had never been strong, and for several years she had been a great sufferer. The doctors could not reach her case and finally she refused to take medicine. She believed firmly in the power of prayer and she had faith that God would hear and answer her prayer. She attended church regularly on Sunday mornings, but seldom left the house at other times. She was deeply interested in what she had heard concerning the Wilson family since Mrs. Wilson's return from a trip East five years before; but, because of her husband's attitude, she refrained from discussing the subject, although she secretly longed to know more of the God they had found.

Her own children, Leonora and Frances, were very fond of Ruth and Coit, and often came home with some of their strange sayings. They were careful not to talk in their father's presence, however, as they had been reprimanded several times for so doing.

When the invitation came for Ruth's party, Mrs. Brewster allowed them to accept without consulting her husband. She knew full well that he would not

consent, but she could see no justice in this, so she used her own judgment in the matter. He never questioned nor interfered with her in the care of the children.

It was something of a shock, therefore, when the children returned from the party and reported Bertha's healing. Dr. Brewster was sure there was a misunderstanding. The discussion that followed was the most heated that had ever taken place in the home. He held that such a healing as they told about was impossible. Furthermore he maintained that if Bertha could walk, as they said she could, it was due entirely to the wonderful understanding of her case by Dr. Foster, who was a physician of rare skill. As for God's having healed her, he did not believe a word of it. The church had been praying for her for years, but the day of miracles was past. He closed the discussion by driving away alone in his automobile, and when he returned later in the evening they little suspected that he had spent an hour with Bertha Brighton.

When Dr. Brewster awoke, the sun was shining through the rose vines and the happy birds were singing gaily in the tall trees near his window. His first thought was of the notes he had destroyed, but as he recalled the scene in Mrs. Wilson's library the evening before, a sense of peaceful assurance came to him.

There was but one course for him to pursue and he would not shrink from it. Then these words of

Jesus came into his mind: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

After dressing, he sat down with his Bible and turned to Luke 18:35-43. "Yes," he said to himself, "once I was blind and now I see; and since I now see, I can no longer preach as though I were blind. I must follow the Christ, and help others to recover their sight. Jesus of Nazareth has passed this way, and I have touched the Hem of His Garment."

He recalled that certain members of his church had expressed themselves very freely along these lines. "What will they say? What will they do?" he asked himself. But instantly a voice from within seemed to answer: "What is that to thee; follow thou me."

Taking a note book from the table, he wrote rapidly until breakfast was served. He ate his simple meal in silence, and immediately went to his church study where he knew he would not be interrupted. He felt that he must be alone with his Bible and with his God. The Bible had a new meaning to him.

It was a beautiful spring day. Balmy air and the scent of roses drifted in through the open window and filled the church study with fragrance. He reached out and plucked a dainty bud and pinned it to his coat. As he did so he saw many entering the

vestibule and he involuntarily drew back; but again the voice came from within, "What is that to thee; follow thou me."

When he left the study he was conscious of a new power stirring within him. He took no notes with him, but he was anointed by the Spirit and he preached as if inspired, with a power and tenderness that was new both to himself and to his flock. He seemed to become the very voice of God to his astonished people.

At the close of the service he called the directors of the church together and tendered his resignation on the grounds that he could no longer preach according to the doctrines of the church. So deeply impressed had they been by the force of his message that they would not accept the resignation, but asked for time to consider and investigate, and it was agreed that he should continue until further notice.

Many of his people waited for the business meeting to close that they might express their appreciation and hearty approval of this wonderful sermon. They stood about in subdued groups discussing Bertha's healing, and it was generally believed that this was the real cause for the sudden change in his views.

Dr. Foster and his family passed out immediately at the close of the service. This seemed a serious matter to the doctor for his practice was mostly among the church people. They walked home in silence, and he resolved to investigate the story for himself, for he placed but little dependence on what

he had heard. He admitted that some forms of disease were cured in a mysterious way, but he always maintained that such cases were imaginary to begin with, or merely forms of nervous trouble that could be overcome by rest and relaxation. His decision in Bertha's case had been the result of careful and conscientious diagnosis based not only on his own judgment but also on the authority of others who stood very high in the medical profession.

After dinner he started out to make a few professional calls, one of which took him directly opposite the Wilson home. As he stopped, Bessie, who counted him as one of her best friends, went prancing across the road to see him, wagging her tail as much as to say, "We are all right at our house." Looking across to the Wilson grounds, he saw Bertha and the children strolling around, enjoying the flowers and the beautiful sunshine.

When Bessie started across the street, Bennie said, "Oh, there is Dr. Foster, Bertha; he would like to see you." At the same moment the doctor recognized her and came forward to meet her. "Isn't it wonderful, Doctor!" she said. "You doubtless have heard of my healing, and I feel just fine today—a little wobbly on my feet—but not a bit of pain anywhere. I almost have to learn to walk again."

"Bertha," said the Doctor, looking right into her eyes, "what healed you? What new treatment have you tried? I would be a little careful about walking without some support, you know what I have always told you about a fall."

"But I am not going to fall. God healed me and He will keep me from falling. I am getting stronger every minute."

The doctor studied her very carefully and replied, "I must admit I have never seen you looking better."

"And you never found me feeling better, either," laughed Bertha; "and, oh, Doctor, may I have a little talk with you sometime? I believe I can be a real help to you. I intend to spend the rest of my life in being useful wherever I can, and I am beginning right now. With your great knowledge, and your opportunity of coming in touch with so many every day who need to be healed, you could do a wonderful work if you added this Christ method of healing to your practice. The world is not ready to do without doctors, and good, conscientious men like you are much needed."

"Well, well, little girl, I am mighty glad to find you in such high spirits, regardless of what has healed you," answered the Doctor.

Bertha told of Leonard's new position, the change of residence they were about to make, Bennie's demonstration, and of her invitation to remain with the Wilson family until the new home was ready for her.

"This will give me just the chance I wish to begin my study," she added. "I hope to become a trained worker, and as Mrs. Wilson is about to start a new class I am very happy to begin this preparation at

once. I think it would be fine if you would join the class, Doctor. Please don't laugh at the idea,—think it over seriously,—you will thank me for it sometime. Of course, I don't know much yet, but I do know I have been healed, and the Bible says, 'There is a Spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding.' O, I am just sure you would become a wonderful power for good."

The doctor promised Bertha he would give the subject careful thought, and after a little friendly advice in parting, he made his intended call. On his way home he said to himself, "Well, I declare, that baby thinks she can teach me about God,—and I have studied the Bible for years." He recalled some things that were said in the morning sermon, and as he turned into his own grounds these words of Jesus came to him: "And a little child shall lead them."

An hour later he was ushered into Dr. Brewster's study and the two men held a very earnest discussion for the rest of the afternoon. When Dr. Brewster mentioned the business meeting and his resignation, Dr. Foster replied:

"Well, brother, you have put yourself out of a job, and that youngster wants me to do the same thing. But I don't propose to be railroaded out of a job if I know it. I have a fine practice, but with the attitude you have taken, if the people follow you, it will split your church and my practice, for a large number of my patients are our church people."

"You may be right," replied Dr. Brewster; "but don't you believe the Father will take care of us?"

‘What is that to thee; follow thou me,’ was the command of Jesus, and I, for one, propose to follow it. Give God a fair chance. When you are ready and willing to be led by the Spirit, you will be fair with yourself and fair with God. I tell you that child, as you call her, can teach us both a lot about God, and I am determined to cut loose from my old ways of thinking and preaching, and follow the Christ as she has done.”

Dr. Foster finally consented to lay aside his prejudices for the time being and try to reason this whole matter out from the very beginning. He did not consent to join the class, but Dr. Brewster felt sure that he would be led into the freedom of his own convictions, when he was ready for it.

CHAPTER XVI

Bennie Visits Coit

BENNIE was an early riser and was accustomed to moving about quietly so as not to disturb Bertha. Usually when his mother appeared in the kitchen she found a good fire in the stove and a day's supply of wood in the wood-box. He had long been privileged to gather wood scraps from a neighboring mill, and he considered this one of his regular morning duties.

Nearly all of his life he had been accustomed to hearing the buzz of machinery, and the shrill whistle of passing engines, as they pulled their cargoes of human freight in and out of the near-by depot, had become so monotonous to him that he no longer heard them. These sounds were a part of his every day experience and he knew nothing different; and, as he opened his eyes on this beautiful Sunday morning in an upstairs room of the Wilson home, the very stillness of the surrounding air seemed strangely new and refreshing to him. He sat up in bed, rubbed his eyes and looked about him to make sure it was true. Then he put on the robe and slippers that had been left for him and sat down by the window.

The sun was just peeping above the hill tops and the awakened life of spring was in evidence everywhere. The surrounding fields were carpeted with a soft velvety green and the blue and gold of brodiaeas

and poppies were so bright and enchanting on the hills and in the valley, that Bennie wondered if heaven could be more beautiful.

Although Bennie was a regular boy, and was blessed with an unusually happy and sunshiny disposition, he thoroughly enjoyed, at times, sitting quietly by himself and picturing out ideal conditions for all those whom he loved. He did not know that in so doing he was laying the foundation for the many blessings which were now coming to them all, and was setting into operation a law by which health and prosperity would continue to manifest in their home.

After feasting his eyes on this scene for several minutes and watching the sun come up until it was a great round ball, he noticed how it seemed to be moving. He had never before seen the sun rise from an elevated place, and never before had it occurred to him that it was the earth that really moved. Of course he had studied this in his geography at school and he had drawn maps of how it worked, but his senses had always told him differently, and now, he sensed the earth's motion and could actually see the sun standing still, and he enjoyed seeing the distance widen between the hill-tops and the sun.

Finally, glancing at a table near the window, he saw a number of children's books and stopped to look them over. A picture in one of them attracted his attention and he moved his chair up to the table and sat down to read some of the short stories therein. He was delighted to find that these stories told of the very things he had become interested in.

One story told of a little boy who was healed of hip disease. This little fellow had never walked without crutches and had always been frail and delicate. His Auntie learned about the wonderful healing power of Jesus Christ and took him to a healer. After a great deal of faithful, patient work on the part of the healer, a great faith developed within himself and those about him, and gradually he responded to the treatment. His little legs became stronger and began to fill out; the pain left his hips, and finally he was as well as any little boy and could run and jump and play like other children.

Another story told of a mother whose eyesight was rapidly failing. Every day her vision became less clear until she could scarcely distinguish her dear ones who were close by her. This dear soul was eager to grasp the Truth that makes free and she prayed earnestly for help. One day she heard of a lecture that was to be given in the city and she persuaded her friends to take her. After the lecture she remained to talk with the speaker. She was greatly impressed with what she had heard, and believed that her eyesight could be restored. The following day she placed herself under treatment and within a week realized that her sight was returning. She attended every lecture possible and became an earnest student of Truth, that she might develop an understanding faith, and within a few weeks she was entirely healed.

Other stories told of how peace and harmony were restored in homes that were broken by sin and

discord, and how prosperity was brought to those suffering from a sense of lack.

One story that pleased Bennie very much told of a dear little girl who had been visiting her grandmother. The child had a very sensitive throat and had been subject to tonsilitis at frequent intervals. Medical treatment gave only temporary relief and physicians advised the removal of the tonsils. The mother objected to this operation as she had faith that the child would overcome the cause.

The grandmother had been reading and studying Truth for some time, and when the usual symptoms appeared she urged the mother to seek spiritual help. They telephoned to a healer explaining the conditions, and almost immediately the temperature began to drop. In a few hours the fever was entirely gone and the next day the child was well and happy and as eager to play as ever.

Bennie was deeply interested in these stories about healing and determined to ask Mrs. Wilson about them. He dressed hurriedly and was about ready to go down stairs when he took another look out of the window. He was surprised to see how far the hill-tops had moved away from the sun, but he could not resist one more glance over the surrounding country. It was certainly a charming picture.

Here and there children were gathering wild flowers. The trees were sending out their fresh green foliage, happy birds were singing among their branches, and just beneath his window a family of

squirrels were frisking about or sitting on their haunches enjoying their morning meal. All nature was telling the story of life—life—life; life everywhere and in every form, and yet the same life after all, for there is but one life principle in all the universe, although it manifests in so many forms.

Bennie had never thought about life in the trees and animals being the same as his own life, but one of the stories he had been reading explained this, and now as he looked out over this wonderful scenery he tried to picture God in it all.

Presently there was a knock at the door, and, in response to Bennie's cheery "Come-in," Mr. Wilson and Coit entered. Coit had been at Bennie's door several times, but had found everything so quiet he turned away again as his mother had said to let Bennie sleep. Now, however, it was getting so late that Mr. Wilson decided to call him as he wanted to take the boys for a walk.

When Coit saw Bennie at the window, he said, "Well, Ben, don't you want some breakfast? I thought you never would wake up."

Bennie laughed and called Coit to the window to see the squirrels. "Oh, I have been up for a long time," he said. "I'll bet I was up before you were, but I have been looking out of the window and reading. I like the books you have on your table. I have read several of the stories. They tell about the same things you have been explaining to me."

"Would you like to take some of my books home to read?" asked Coit. "You are welcome to them and I know you will enjoy them."

"Sure I would," replied Bennie. "I don't expect I shall have much time for reading, for I have my lessons in the evening and I must help mother all I can; but if you don't mind, I will take one book at a time, and I will read one short story every night before I go to bed. I enjoy them very much."

As they left the window and started down stairs, Bennie turned to Mr. Wilson and said, "Say, Mr. Wilson, I want to ask you something. I have been reading a story about life, and it says that God is all the Life there is and that our life is the same as the life in the trees and animals, only higher up. Is that right?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Wilson, "God is the Life in all things. Wherever life is seen, whether in the wild flowers and emerald foliage of springtime, in the rocks that gradually crumble on the mountain side, and among which these beautiful flowers grow, in the bees and butterflies that sip their honey, or in the romping children that play among them, the life is the same; it is God expressing himself in color, sweetness, perfume, and gladness. God-life is the only Life there is. After you have had your breakfast, we will walk to the hills and gather a nice bunch of poppies. I think you will enjoy it."

Bennie thanked Mr. Wilson, and with Bessie they were soon chasing over the hills, returning be-

fore dinner time with their arms loaded with beautiful blossoms. Coit brought vases, and together they arranged the flowers, making the rooms look very attractive for the Sunday School in the afternoon.

To no one was the appearance of spring more welcome than to Bertha Brighton. As the days passed, many of the children who knew her and loved her gathered bunches of wild flowers and brought them to her as tokens of their delight that she could now enjoy life in its freedom and fullness.

The story of her healing had occupied a half column in the daily papers and had become a common topic of conversation. Many had called on both Bertha and Mrs. Wilson, eager to learn the secret of the great healing power that had restored her; and frequently one called to ask help for a dear one who was living under the false laws of poverty, inharmony, or disease.

This was a wonderful experience for Bertha, and as she listened to Mrs. Wilson's arguments she realized more fully the great opportunity before her, and prayed for wisdom and increased understanding that she might become a perfect channel through which this healing power might flow.

Day by day she grew stronger, and hour by hour she made the most of every moment, devoting her time to study and meditation and endeavoring to grasp the spiritual interpretation of the Bible. Mrs. Wilson set apart a certain time each day for a regular study hour, and Dr. Brewster dropped in often for a spiritual feast with them.

Everything possible was done for Bertha's comfort, and at least an hour of each day was given for a delightful drive. Usually she accompanied Ruth and Coit for a short walk after supper; and, while they were getting their lessons, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson joined her in singing several good old songs.

When the day was set for Bertha to leave, Mrs. Wilson invited the Brighton family to have dinner with them. "It will make a happier day for Bertha," she had said; "and this will be a fitting close to the happy days we have had together."

Bertha was delighted with this arrangement and eagerly begged that she might be given some part in preparing the meal. She had seen her mother only a few times since the day of her healing, but Mrs. Wilson had seen her often and had taken to her Bertha's messages of love and faith.

It was only natural, therefore, that Bertha should now count the days and even the hours before they would be together once more. "Just think," she had said to Mrs. Wilson, "I can now help Mother care for the home, instead of requiring so much of her time to care for me. What a happy home we shall have. I have tried to picture myself accomplishing many things that I have so often wished to do."

Then, pausing, for a moment she continued: "But, Mrs. Wilson, I have been very happy with you. I never shall forget your kindness to me, and I want you to know how much I appreciate all you have done for me. Your classes are wonderful, and I have en-

joyed the part you have allowed me to take in them. Do you know, I am hoping that some time we may be very close together in this work. I should love to work with you, and if you can ever make use of me, let me come to you."

"Why Bertha dear," answered Mrs. Wilson, "I have been planning to have a talk with you on this very subject. Several who attend our services have asked that you open an afternoon class, and tell them of the wonderful Truth that has healed you, as you understand it. You can do this easily. Truth is very simple, and if you are led by Spirit, as you will be, you will be given the words that will best convey your message. You have given us several beautiful little talks in class, and the people all love you."

"How wonderful!" said Bertha. "Nothing could make me happier. I want to spend my life doing good. I want to learn to see only the good in all things and everybody. I want to be made the instrument through which others may be healed. I know that I of myself can do nothing, but I believe that the Father can heal through me."

"You have a wonderful healing consciousness, Bertha," replied Mrs. Wilson, "and many will be healed through your ministry. You are so filled with Love that one feels its power the moment they come into your presence, and love is the greatest healing force there is. God is Love, and every bit of love in your being is just that much of God coming into expression. Now add to your love consciousness the

great understanding faith that you have, and God can and will use you mightily for good. Nothing is too hard for God."

"Beautiful!" was all Bertha could say. And then there came into her mind a few lines from a poem she had seen on a magazine cover:

"Use me, Oh God, in Thy great harvest field
That stretches far and wide, like a white sea,
The laborers are so few, I fear the yield
Will suffer loss—O find a place for me!"

And so Bertha's life-work began, for at once she commenced putting into practice the Truths that had unfolded within her own consciousness, happy in the realization that each day brought new duties, new joys, and new blessings into her own life, and, through her simple ministry, into the lives of others.

CHAPTER XVII

The Surprise Party

DURING those days, which to Bertha were the happiest she had ever known, her mother, with a new found strength of which she was scarcely conscious, was busy every minute preparing for the new home. Several days were devoted to the making of neat, pretty house dresses for herself and Bertha, and the re-modeling of the few clothes they had. Mrs. Wilson had offered to assist her in making such new dresses as they would need, as soon as they were settled.

Both Mr. Shepard and Mr. Steen had insisted upon advancing amounts sufficient to enable Leonard and Bennie, respectively, to give their mother the financial help she needed for the change they were about to make. Mr. Shepard had become deeply interested in the welfare of the family, and as the day approached on which they had planned to move he said to Leonard, "We have a truck that will not be in use, and you are welcome to use it if you can find a driver."

"O thank you," replied Leonard; "that is just fine. Andrew, Mr. Wilson's chauffeur, has offered his assistance, and he is an excellent driver. He will be able to handle it, I am sure."

And so, when all arrangements were completed, the truck from the plant was skillfully loaded, and

Leonard, with Andrew's help, took full charge of closing the home that had sheltered them for the past ten years.

Mrs. Wilson had made the most of every opportunity to help, and had gained Bertha's promise to remain away until the house was in order. She also took Leonard into her confidence and planned a delightful surprise for the rest of the family.

The dinner, which Mrs. Wilson was giving in Bertha's honor, was an hour earlier than usual, to avoid any possible sense of confusion or hurry. Mr. Wilson had arranged this with Mr. Shepard, so that when Andrew drove up to the plant, Leonard was standing at the door waiting for them.

As the car had to pass the new Brighton home, they called for Mrs. Brighton and Bennie, so that the whole family, including Bessie, of course, would arrive together.

Bertha now felt quite like one of the family in the Wilson home as she had been given the freedom of the house and was allowed to assist in many of the light duties. In response to her request Edna had outlined several things for her to do in preparing this dinner and when the machine drove up she was sitting with Mrs. Wilson on the porch, eagerly watching for their arrival.

With rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, Bertha hurried down the steps, and as she greeted them she said, "Oh, Mother dear, I helped get the dinner. I am so well and so happy now that I am sure I shall be a real comfort to you."

Mrs. Brighton looked into her beautiful face, beaming with the joy of the Spirit, and then drew her closely to her and held her in a loving embrace. "My darling," she said, "you are simply beautiful. The roses have come back to your cheeks, and the old-time happy smile bespeaks the gladness in your heart. I am, indeed, a thankful and happy mother."

As soon as the dinner was over, Mr. Wilson called for the machine, and all of the grown-ups made ready to take Bertha to the beautiful childhood home that again awaited her. It was a joyous home-coming. Throughout the house there was every evidence of abundance and beauty. The rooms were beautifully furnished, only such of the Brighton furnishings having been retained as were in keeping with the new surroundings, and many new and attractive things had been added to meet their personal needs.

Flowers of rare beauty had been distributed through the house; every room was brightened by these silent messengers that had been sent in by loving friends, and they seemed to smile as Bertha, the happy, loving, consecrated soul that she now was, returned to her family. Bessie kept very close to her and showed her marked approval of everything by frequently kissing her hand.

Bertha wandered about from room to room almost dazed. It seemed too good to be true. When she came to her own room—the room she had occupied and enjoyed as a child—she was so touched by the evidence of love that she threw her arms about Mrs.

Wilson and almost wept. Everything in the room harmonized in dainty shades of blue, while a large bunch of violets on the dresser sent forth a delicate perfume through it all.

Stepping to an exquisite writing desk, that matched the other furniture in the room, she found this card: "To our dear Bertha, in loving appreciation of our first fearless Truth lesson. May the Lord bless you and keep you, and make his face to shine upon you, and give you peace."

HOWARD L. AND MARGARET T. BREWSTER."

On the top of this desk was a beautiful Bible, a gift from Leonard, and on the book shelves near by, was a wonderful assortment of Truth books and magazines from Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. Taking the Bible in her hands, she pressed it to her lips as she went down stairs, and stepping to the piano she played and sang:

"All that I need, He will provide,
He will take care of me,
Nothing I ask will be denied,
God will take care of me.

God will take care of me,
Through ev'ry day,
O'er all the way,
He will take care of me,
God will take care of me."

Mrs. Brighton moved about the house in silence, quite oblivious to all about her; but she watched Bertha with a heart full of joy and praise. "Is this really our home?" she mused. "It seems like paradise."

Leonard read her thoughts and putting his arm around her tenderly, said, "Yes, Mother, this is home, and it is heaven; for Mrs. Wilson tells me that heaven is a state of consciousness within ourselves; and that as long as home is filled with thoughts of love and peace and joy and abundance, here and now, we are in heaven. May our beautiful home always be heaven to us and to all of our friends."

"Oh Leonard, I have never fully realized before what blessed children I have," replied Mrs. Brighton. "To think that all of this has resulted from Bennie's faith. Surely God has showered blessings upon me, but I have been able to see only the dark side of life. Now I know that, as Walt Whitman says, 'The inner side of every cloud is bright and shining,' and henceforth, I also shall 'turn my clouds about, and always wear them inside out, to show the lining.'"

"I am a changed woman, dear, for I have changed my way of thinking, and I can already understand how this reflects in all of our affairs."

"Yes, Mother, that is the secret of real happiness; for, as the Bible says, 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'"

And now came the wonderful surprise that Mrs. Wilson had planned. Mr. Wilson had slipped out

unnoticed, and returned with Edna and the children and O! so many bundles and boxes. These were taken to the kitchen where Edna took full charge of them. Soon other machines drove into the grounds and in a few minutes the large front rooms were comfortably filled with guests.

Mrs. Brighton stood amazed; so Leonard stepped to her side, gave her a hug and roguishly said, "It is all right, Mother. I told them you would not mind it. This is your party so you must be good and play your part well. I will help you all I can and so will Mrs. Wilson.

As soon as Bertha could speak to Mrs. Wilson alone, she asked if this was a house warming.

"Yes, Darling," answered Mrs. Wilson, "we are going to make your new home so warm with God's love and the love of your brothers and sisters in Christ, that you will always feel His loving Presence here. This is a house warming and a house blessing combined; for tonight we are to consecrate the house and every room in it to the service and glory of God."

"Oh, how wonderful! and how thoughtful you are," said Bertha.

Bennie was bewildered. As he followed Coit through the dining room, he asked, "What's going on, Coit? Tell a fellow, can't you?"

"Just a little surprise; that's all," answered Coit, with a chuckle, as he put the box he was carrying on the kitchen table.

"Well, it looks to me as if the whole Santa Claus family had come to our house, but it will be a long

time before Christmas is here," said Bennie, and the two boys laughed merrily.

This was Bennie's first experience with a surprise party, and when Edna put on her big apron and began opening the boxes and making herself perfectly at home in the kitchen and dining room, it certainly was a surprise to him.

Mrs. Brighton started toward the kitchen, but Mrs. Wilson quickly followed her and said, "Never mind, dear, Edna knows just what to do and she has the children to help her. We want you in the front room."

She yielded gracefully, determined to act her part as hostess the best she could after her long absence from social life.

Bertha, very naturally, was the center of attraction, and she looked exceedingly winsome and pretty in the dainty white dress Mrs. Wilson had made for the occasion. She was the picture of health, the excitement of the evening having brought a delicate flush that matched the spray of rose buds Leonard had brought for her to wear, and everyone was deeply impressed by the peaceful, happy expression on her countenance.

A delightful program had been arranged under Mrs. Brewster's expert guidance, some of the finest talent in the city having been secured; and following this, Mrs. Wilson announced the "House Blessing."

CHAPTER XVIII

The House Blessing

BEFORE beginning the ceremony of blessing the home, Mrs. Wilson explained its object. "Our minds," she said, "are like wireless stations that are attuned to like vibrations. We have been taught that we must guard our speech but that it matters little what we think. This is a serious mistake. Thoughts, like words, are filled with life, and when we send them out into the invisible ether, they go forth until they find lodgment in things and in other mentalities.

Houses become so saturated with this thought essence," she continued, "that it is wise, when moving into a house that has been occupied, to cleanse it of the thoughts of others and charge it with new thought furnishings that are harmonious."

She further explained that a building can be so saturated with thoughts of Divine Love and Harmony that its power will harmonize a quarrelsome family. It can be so filled with thoughts of Peace and Joy that the occupants will continually express these qualities in their daily lives. It can be so filled with thoughts of health that no contagious disease can find entrance, and it can be so filled with the spirit of prosperity that poverty thoughts will give place to thoughts of abundance.

Then, inviting the guests to follow her, Mrs. Wilson accompanied by Mrs. Brighton and Bertha, went to the reception hall, where she stopped, saying:

"Peace be unto this house. This household is guided by Infinite Love and Wisdom, and divine protection is over all. Everyone who enters here will find that the rule of life in this house is love.

"There is only One Persence here and that is the presence of God.

"CHRIST IS THE HEAD OF THIS HOUSE."

She next led the party to the dining room. "The consciousness of pure spiritual substance permeates this room, she said. "There is only One Presence in this room and that is the Presence of God. Whoever enters this room will realize the sustaining power of the Holy Spirit. Everyone who eats in this room will become alive to the consciousness that 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every Word of God.' "

Then passing to the kitchen, Mrs. Wilson said, "All substance that enters this room is pure, wholesome food for mind and body. The preparation of food here is under the guidance of Spirit, for the Presence of God is here. Love fills this room, for God is Love, and all food that is prepared in this room is saturated with Love, and fulfills every demand of the body, becoming a perfect food. This room is filled with peace and joy."

Leading the party up stairs, Mrs. Wilson went first to Bertha's room. As everyone wished to see it, she had them file in and pass through the sliding

doors that connected it with her mother's room, and she blessed the two as one.

"There is only One Presence in these rooms," she said, "and that is the Presence of God. No evil can enter here for there is no evil in God, and God-Presence fills all space. Whoever enters here will be conscious of the All-Good. There is no fear of death here for God is Life and God is All. There is no fear of sickness or weakness here for God is Strength and He is Health, and God-Presence fills these rooms. These rooms are filled with the consciousness of Peace and Harmony. No discordant thought can enter here for the Presence of God is Peace. Whoever enters here will come into the consciousness of Peace. Those who occupy these rooms will be conscious of contentment, satisfaction and prosperity, for the Spirit of Opulence fills these rooms. These rooms are filled with the Spirit of Love, Wisdom, and Joy; those who sleep in these rooms, sleep sweetly, as they rest in the everlasting arms, and they are filled with the Spirit of Joy and Happiness, 'for so He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

Stepping into the other bed rooms similar blessings were given, and then the party returned to the rooms down stairs. When all was quiet Mrs. Wilson continued: "The Presence of God fills these rooms, and the Spirit of Health, Truth, Prosperity, Peace, Wisdom, Joy, and Love is now manifesting here. Every nook and corner of this house is charged with Divine Peace, Harmony, Joy, Happiness, Con-

tentment and Unlimited Riches. We now give thanks to the Giver of All Good for the All Sufficiency of All Things, now manifesting in this home. PEACE BE UNTO THIS HOUSE."

The people were spell-bound. This was a new ceremony to nearly everyone present, and it gave them much food for thought.

As the guests separated into little groups to discuss the occasion, Edna drew aside the heavy curtain and displayed the well-filled table. Ruth and several other girls, adorned in dainty aprons, stood behind the table ready to serve refreshments.

There were sandwiches and cheese sticks, crackers and olives and sweet pickles, stuffed eggs and stuffed dates, lady fingers, macaroons, and cake—Oh-Oh-Oh! such cake—and such a quantity of it. Then there was coffee, chocolate and fruit punch. This was great sport for the children and they managed very nicely.

There were many present to whom this was a new teaching, but the most harmonious feeling prevailed, and great interest was shown. The house was so full of love and peace and joy that it reacted on all present.

As the last tray was taken out, Dr. Brewster arose and in a few well chosen words told of the great spiritual uplift he had experienced. He also spoke of his wife's improved health since she had placed herself under Mrs. Wilson's treatment, and said that his change of mental attitude had brought great happiness into their home.

Then the doctor announced that on a certain evening of the following week Mrs. Wilson was to open a class in the church parlors for the study of Truth. He further said that at a meeting of the church Board, most of whom were present, it had been decided to open the church for Truth lectures, and he hoped to announce the first lecture in the near future.

This announcement was heartily endorsed, and the doctor received many expressions of approval from those who had been earnestly praying that the doors of all churches might be opened to the Truth message in its highest spiritual interpretation.

Dr. Foster had not accepted Mrs. Wilson's invitation. His absence was noted by many; but the more advanced students sent forth the thought of love and realized that Spirit was doing its perfect work.

As he was leaving, Dr. Brewster spoke of this, and Mrs. Wilson replied, "Yes, Doctor, 'There is a Spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding!' Dr. Foster is a good man and he loves the Truth. His eyes will be opened and he will become a great power for Good. Let us place him under Divine Protection, and know that the Spirit of Truth is now leading him into his perfect freedom."

"Dr. Foster is a very conscientious man," replied Dr. Brewster, "but he is afraid to let go of his profession. He lacks faith. I have urged him to enter into this study without prejudice, and when he does this, God will take care of his affairs."

"You are right," answered Mrs. Wilson. "He has a wonderful practice and he believes that he is right. His professional career makes it far more difficult for him to give up his old theories, but the seed has been planted and it must take root."

"We must remember that nothing is Truth to us until it becomes a part of our own experience. The real Teacher is within ourselves, and I shall continue praying that the light may soon break upon his consciousness and that he will recognize the Christ within."

CHAPTER XIX

Another Pony

BETWEEN school, business, riding his pony, and helping his mother, Bennie found very little time, except at recess, to continue his first lesson on "How to Demonstrate." He followed Coit's directions as best he could until he was satisfied that it "worked," and then he longed to know more about how and why it worked.

He was so interested in these new ideas that he really cared for little else, although he never shirked a duty to gain time. Mrs. Wilson had told him that nearly all children were natural healers because of their simple faith and great love, and he longed to help others as she had helped him.

Coit was greatly encouraged by the marvelous changes that were coming to the Brighton family, and Bennie was so filled with enthusiasm over them that he tried to demonstrate everything. The usual noon-time sports were often neglected, and Coit gladly gave up part of his recess time in trying to explain, as best he could, the questions that Bennie always had ready for him.

In one corner of the school yard there was a grand old oak, which was the scene of many a confidential talk between the two boys. They usually ate their lunch seated well up among its sturdy branches;

and they had many a laugh over a double portion of some dainty that Edna had placed in Coit's lunch, knowing full well that Bennie would get his share, for he was a great favorite with her.

Bennie found it very difficult to concentrate, and decided to ask more about it. "When I try to hold a particular thought in my mind," he said, "it is like a three-ring circus; lots of thoughts that I do not want rush through my mind, and it seems as if I was thinking of several things at the same time."

Coit laughed heartily at this and said, "I guess you are thinking of a kaleidoscope, Ben. That's a pretty good description of a fellow's first attempt to concentrate, anyway. But say, don't let that discourage you; Mother tells me that nearly everybody gets that way when they first begin. I know the way you feel.—A three-ring circus! that's rich!" and Coit laughed again.

"But never mind that," he continued; "You just have to start all over again every time. I can't concentrate so very well myself as yet, and I have been trying for a long time. But Mother tells me to keep it up and some day I will be able to control what she calls my conscious mind.

"You are pretty good in arithmetic, Ben, and that takes a lot of concentration. We couldn't add those long columns of figures or think out those hard problems unless we concentrated on them. Just imagine a circus stunt in the mathematics class! What would happen, I wonder?"

"Oh, I can do that all right," answered Bennie; "I don't have a bit of trouble with arithmetic; but some way, when I say, 'I am God's child, pure Spirit, and I am perfect in mind and body,'—well, honest Coit, I don't feel much like a Spirit, for the first thing I know, I am playing ball or flying a kite or going on some errand for Mr. Steen or mother, or doing some silly thing that I don't want to do at all. Do you get that way, too?"

"Sure I do," answered Coit. "I am better than I used to be though, for sometimes I can hold a thought pretty good. And another thing, you know that this practice will help you a lot in your school work. You will be glad you stuck to it."

"Oh, I'll keep it up, all right, because I see it is necessary to success, and I am determined to be a success if I can," answered Bennie, "for I want to be like your father."

Coit looked very serious for a moment, and then, putting his hand over on Bennie's knee, he said, "My daddy says that your father was as fine a man as ever lived, and that he had the love and respect of the whole city. He was a successful business man, too, and he was good to everybody."

And then leaning affectionately over toward Bennie, he continued, "And Daddy says that you are going to be just like him. I want you to know this, for I believe it will help you a lot of times when things don't seem to go just right. You don't ever want to get discouraged, Ben, for Daddy says you are on the right track."

"I am glad you told me that, Coit, and it will help me, I know," answered Bennie. "I shall try always to think success whether things look that way or not."

"Good for you," said Coit. "You'll get there. When you expect success, Mother says the battle is half won. I never shall forget one time when I said I couldn't get my lessons. I just didn't feel like studying at all, and when Mother told Daddy, he made me learn a poem about it. I never say 'can't' any more; I try, whether I feel like it or not."

"What was the poem?—You know I like poetry," answered Bennie. "I don't often say 'can't' but sometimes I do."

"Oh, the poem is all right. I like it now, but I did not feel like learning it then. I guess I was cross about something. It goes like this:

"If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you think you'd like to win, but can't,
It's almost a cinch, you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you'll find
Success begins with a fellow's will,
It's all in the state of mind."

When Coit stopped, Bennie said, "O, that is fine! Say the rest of it, if you can."

"Sure; I can never forget it now, for I say it to myself often."

"Full many a race is lost
Ere even a step is run;
And many a coward fails
Ere even his work's begun.
Think big, and your deeds will grow,
Think small, and you'll fall behind.
Think that you can and you will;
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're out-classed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can."

"That's good," said Benine; "I would like to learn that myself. Have you a copy of it?"

"Mother has it on a card and I will ask her for it," answered Coit. "She will probably type it for you."

"Oh, thank you! that will be fine. It is just what we have been talking about, isn't it?"

"Yes, it means that if we want to succeed we must expect success, and if we lack faith in ourselves, we shall fail," said Coit. "I know that is so, for I have seen it work."

"Sure," answered Bennie; "and I am going to expect everything just the way I did my new suit.

I got that all right; now I am going to expect to learn to concentrate. I will not get discouraged, but I will try over and over again, and I know I shall succeed."

"No, you must never get discouraged, for Mother says that is training the sub-conscious mind the wrong way. She tells me to always have faith in myself, and in the things I wish to accomplish."

"That is it, Coit; the mind—that is what I want to know about. How many minds have we got? You started to tell me about it once but you did not have time to finish," said Bennie.

"Oh, Ben! I never could finish telling about Mind, for Mind is God. Mother tells me there is only One Mind in the whole Universe and that is the God-Mind," said Coit.

"But Coit, I do not understand how that can be, when everybody has a different mind," said Bennie.

"Why," answered Coit, "it is the same as Spirit. You understand about that now, don't you? God is Spirit and God is Mind; so Spirit and Mind are the same."

"Oh!" said Bennie, "That is like the axiom we have at school, 'Things equal to the same thing, are equal to each other.' I understand about Spirit, but when you said 'Mind,' it did not appear the same. I guess it is because Mind has always seemed to belong to the body, while Spirit sounds as if it belongs to God. But what about the sub-conscious Mind? Is that the God-Mind, too?"

"Yes, there is only one Mind, no matter how it may appear. You want to remember that. But there

are three divisions of that Mind. At least, that is the only way I can explain it. We have learned that there are five oceans, but we both know that in reality it is all one ocean. It has five different names, so that people will know what part of the ocean you are talking about. When you say, 'Pacific Ocean,' you think of the west coast of North and South America, and when you say 'Atlantic Ocean,' you think of the east coast.

"Now, when you say Sub-conscious Mind, you mean that part of the mind that has stored all of your thoughts for ages and ages; and when you say super-conscious, you mean the very God-Mind in you. Mother says that is our Real Mind, because it never changes, and that it always prompts us to be good and true in all things. Then the Conscious Mind is that part that knows what is going on all the time. It gets its information from the five senses. There is a lot about the Mind that I don't know. Some time we will get Mother to explain it."

"Didn't you tell me that habits are formed by the sub-conscious mind?" asked Bennie.

"Maybe I did say so, but that is not quite right. It is something like this, I think. The sub-conscious mind don't start things at all. We do things first in the conscious mind. After we have done the same thing a few times, the sub-conscious mind thinks that is what we want to do, and so it prompts us to do it over and over. Then after a while it will cause us to do it without any help from the conscious mind."

"Oh, I see," said Bennie. "It is the sub-conscious mind that helps us to play the piano or use the typewriter."

"Yes, and it is the sub-conscious mind that helps us to do everything, I used to be awfully careless about leaving my clothes lying around. It seemed a lot of trouble to hang them up every time, and to take care of my school books and everything else, too.

I was only a little fellow then, but I can remember Mother telling me that she did not mind picking up my things after me as much as she did for me to train my sub-conscious mind to be untidy. She said that if she allowed me to do this while I was little, I would always do it, and when I got to be a man I would need somebody to follow around after me to take care of my belongings, or I would be losing them all the time.

"You see the sub-conscious mind is a fine thing when it is trained right, for when once we have learned to do a thing we don't have to bother with it any more; we can trust this mind to do it right every time; but if we train it wrong, we have a big job on hand to change it."

"Is that what makes some people good and others bad?" asked Bennie.

"Well, I guess that has quite a lot to do with it," answered Coit; "for when we train the sub-conscious mind not to respect the good, it prompts us to think and do things that are not good.

"Mother says the sub-conscious mind don't ask whether a thing is good or bad, but just does over

and over the thing we give it to do, until a habit is formed; and the worst of it is, it does not change very easily. In fact, it is mighty hard for us to change some habits, so we should be very careful that we want to do a thing, before we train the sub-conscious to make a habit of it.

"You see, the conscious mind is always ready to try out anything, but the sub-conscious is only interested in the things we force upon it. Mother told me that the word habit comes from a Latin word that means 'to have,' and when the sub-conscious 'has' a habit, it don't want to give it up."

"Gee! I didn't know that I knew so much!" said Coit; and the boys laughed heartily.

"I understand now," answered Bennie. "Habits are formed by just doing the same thing over and over; so we have to be careful to always do things right."

"That's it," said Coit with enthusiasm. "I have tried to believe that some habits are only half bad; but Mother draws a line about habits, and says there is no half-way business about them. She says that whatever is not right is wrong, and I agree with her when I realize that our habits form our character. I can see that weak characters are those that compromise with habit."

Bennie was very thoughtful for a moment and then said, "We have to make ourselves think the right kind of thoughts, then, until right thinking becomes habit, don't we? I never thought of it that way be-

fore, but I see how our thoughts obey us just the way we have to obey our parents."

"Sure, that's it," said Coit; "and Mother tells me that minds that are allowed to wander at will, and that never are focussed on anything, are useless in thinking out the great problems of life. But she says that with a highly trained mind, a mind developed in the powers of concentration, all things are possible, and such a one may become Master in anything upon which he concentrates."

"That sounds easy to anyone who never has tried to concentrate," interrupted Bennie; "but of course, I have not been trying long. I guess I need more patience."

"Yes, it takes patience, and I lack that, too. Just stick to it, Ben, and you'll come out all right."

As they were climbing down from their perch in the tree, Bennie said, "Sometime, I want to know more about our minds."

In a few minutes they were playing with the other boys. Suddenly one of the smaller ones was knocked down and seemed to be seriously hurt, for he was crying bitterly. A crowd quickly gathered about him and tried to help him to his feet, but he repulsed them and said between his sobs, "Get C-C-Coit Wilson." They soon located Coit, and also ran to the building to notify the Principal.

Coit had gained quite a reputation, on the playgrounds, for his ability to overcome pain when the boys were hurt, and now he rushed to this boy's

assistance. He took him gently by the arm, and held him firmly as he led him toward the school building, at the same time silently declaring the boy's freedom from injury.

When they reached the steps the boy looked up at Coit in astonishment. "Why—" he said, "What did you do?—the hurt is all gone."

Several of the teachers were on the steps waiting for their patient, and they were amazed when they saw the child run back to join his play-fellows.

As Coit started to leave, they called him back. "What happened, Coit? What did you do to him?" they asked.

"I didn't do anything," he answered modestly. "I just knew he was God's child, that is all, and God's child cannot be hurt."

The teachers looked at each other, and as they turned to re-enter the building, one ventured to say, "It is funny how it always works for him; there must be something in it, anyway."

Not long after the Brighton family had moved into their new home, Bennie saddled his pony, one evening after dinner, and, with Bessie chasing after them, started out for his customary ride.

He had gone but a short distance when he heard someone call to him. Looking back, he was surprised to see Coit on another pony close behind.

Instead of stopping when he overtook Bennie, Coit dashed right on without even looking his way. Bennie called after him—"Hey there!"—but, apparently, Coit did not hear.

Bennie took it good-naturedly, and, slapping Pon gently, and telling him to hurry on, it was but a few moments before the two ponies were galloping along side by side.

As Bennie caught up, he said, in an astonished tone, "Where d'you get it, Coit?"

Coit was laughing so he could hardly speak. "Birthday present from Daddy," he finally said. "I've been planning this surprise for you all day, and was watching for you. Isn't he a beauty?"

"I should say so," answered Bennie. "He looks just like Pon. What is his name?"

"His name is Bob," answered Coit, as he stroked the pony's neck affectionately.

The two ponies pranced a little in way of an introduction, and Bessie came on the run to find out what it all meant.

This was the beginning of many happy times for the boys, and, as the months passed, their love for each other strengthened until they became almost inseparable.



The Brighton Home

CHAPTER XX

Three Years Later

SET in a rich carpet of soft, velvety green, the poppies and brodiaeas again waved on the hills and in the valleys that could be viewed from the windows of the Wilson home. Once more invitations were issued to Ruth's birthday party, and Bennie proudly stored his beautifully engraved card among his choicest treasures. Marvelous changes had been wrought in the hearts and lives of many who had attended her party three years before, and marvelous changes were still coming into other hearts and lives, as a result of that same party.

Bennie and Coit had nearly completed their third year of High School, and through their splendid understanding of the Laws of Being, and by their faithfulness in putting these laws into operation in their lives, they had been made channels through which health, harmony, and prosperity had displaced sickness, discord, and want in the homes of many of their school-mates.

They had recently become much interested in the law of giving and receiving as a means to success; and, in talking with Coit one day, Benine said, "Your mother tells me that we must be willing to give if we expect to receive."

"Yes, that is the law," said Coit. "And money is not the only thing we should give, either. I have heard mother say that money is only one of the things, and the least thing, at that. She tells people that they must give their love, their prayers, and their service; that they must be willing to give themselves to the cause of Truth."

"How can anyone give themselves?" asked Bennie.

"Well, for one thing, you give yourself by attending and supporting the services, if you do it in the right spirit," answered Coit. "You give of yourself by loving everybody and watching for a chance to do good wherever you can."

"Some people, when they go to church, think only of themselves and how much good they can get. If they do not feel like going, they stay at home, but they do not realize that others lose by their absence. Mother says we should attend services to help surround those in need with the right thought atmosphere; that the high, strong thoughts of those who are spiritually advanced are a great help to beginners, and to those who have problems to solve. She puts it pretty strong, for she says we never do really have what we don't give away. It almost seems as if the law of giving works backwards, but that is the way it is.

"Then we should give our money also, for it takes money to carry on God's work. Some can give more than others because they have more, but we should

all give according to what we have, for as we give, we receive. The Bible says a great deal about being a cheerful giver, and I know it pays, for I have tried it."

"I heard your mother say something about tithing," said Bennie. "I didn't know what she meant then, but I do now, and I'll tell you what I have been doing.

"When I first got my position with Mr. Steen, Mother thought she needed all of my money. I remembered about your father's business after he began tithing, and I begged her to let me keep one-tenth for God. I didn't know just what to do with it, but I wanted to give it to God somewhere. Well, as soon as she consented to it I had a raise, and after I kept a tenth, she had as much as she had before.

"You will laugh when I tell you what I did with it. I didn't know how to manage it and I didn't want to ask anybody, so I slipped a silver dollar into the love offering basket at your house, many times. I was afraid your mother wouldn't let me do it if she knew it, but—"

"Hold on," interrupted Coit, "you are mistaken there! Mother would not have refused to take your dollar, even if it was the last dollar you had, if you really wanted to give it for God's work; but she would have put a blessing upon it that would have started it working for you. But, by putting your offering into the basket, it received the blessing anyway, for mother always blesses all of the money that comes in

and all that goes out; and she asks Spirit to multiply it to the giver and to multiply its usefulness in God's service. She always blesses the money and the giver in the name of Jesus Christ."

"Oh! that is the idea!" said Bennie, rather surprised at Coit's explanation. "I like that plan!"

"But," he urged again, "I thought you folks had so much money of your own that you would not want to take money from poor people, and we were poor then."

"Yes, Ben, I know what you mean," said Coit, "and that is all right. Mother does not take the money for herself but for the benefit of those who give it. I have heard her tell what you call poor people, that by giving, they were keeping the channels open so that more money could flow to them. She does a lot of good with the money that comes to her in that way. She does things that nobody else knows anything about.

"Somebody has said that money is made round like a wheel so that it can keep going. If you let it roll it gathers more money with it, but if you stop it by being afraid to let go of it, or by holding on to more than your share, you hinder it from coming back to you with what it would gather on the way."

"Just a moment," said Bennie, quite excited. "Would your mother take the last dollar that anybody had, even if they did not know where to get another one?"

"That depends," replied Coit. "It is something like this; God supplies everything, and as soon as we are

willing to give God his part of what we have, whether it is little or much, we set the law of demand and supply into operation; and as soon as that law begins to work for us, money comes through sources that we know nothing about. Everything is God's. We think things belong to us, but they don't. It is all God's money and God's business and God's world, and God will supply every need if we only allow him to.

"Now, if somebody should really want to give mother their last dollar and knew that another would come from somewhere, then mother would take it to help them start the law going."

"Well," said Bennie, "I know it works. Leonard is getting along just fine in his position. He has been promoted several times and every time he is promoted his salary is raised. They all like him, and Mr. Shepard is now talking about making him Assistant Manager. Won't that be great? He is sure to get a big raise then."

"Does Leonard tithe?" asked Coit.

"Yes; I think he is saving the most of his tithing money for Ruth's school; he said it would take a lot of money to pay the teachers. I talked to him about tithing a long time ago, and he told me that your father mentioned it when he told him about the school. I think that is a fine idea, and I have money saved for it also," replied Bennie.

"My, but won't it be fine when Ruth gets home from Normal?" said Coit. "These two years since she went away have seemed awfully long. Of course

she has been home a few times, but pshaw! she has always been so busy with everybody else that I haven't had much time with her.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you!" exclaimed Coit suddenly; "Daddy said this morning that we would all go to see Ruth graduate. He is planning to take you folks also."

"Hurrah!" said Bennie. "How good your father is to us! Will there be room for all of us?"

"Sure! We can crowd in all right. Daddy will drive, so we will not need Andrew."

"Has Mother said she would go?" asked Bennie, rather anxiously.

"I think Daddy said he would see Leonard to-day, and I believe he intends going over to your house this evening," replied Coit. "Don't you worry, you will go all right, and we will have a great time."

"Some doings, I say!" said Bennie with enthusiasm. "When do we go?"

"Ruth graduates next Tuesday evening, and we will start Tuesday afternoon as soon as we get out of school. Daddy said if we start by four o'clock it will be early enough. He does not want either of us to miss school."

"Only two weeks more," said Coit with a chuckle, "and then—" and he swung his cap around several times and sent it flying into the air, catching it when it came down.

Bennie's errands kept him a little later than usual that afternoon, and Leonard reached home

ahead of him. Mrs. Brighton had agreed to accept Mr. Wilson's invitation to the graduation before he got there, and when Bennie hurried into the house with his face beaming, Bertha caught him in her arms and said, "Have you heard the news, Bennie? We are all going with the Wilsons to Ruth's graduation, and then we're going camping with them in vacation.

"Yes, Coit told me; and we are going in the limousine," said Bennie, and he strutted about highly elated.

Bertha then went to help her mother take up the dinner, and Bennie found Leonard and talked the matter all over with him. It would have been difficult to determine which of the two boys were the most enthusiastic over the proposed camping trip for they heartily agreed upon everything and when Bertha called them to dinner, Leonard led the way to the dining room singing,

We're a bunch of "Merry Campers,"
And we've left our cares behind.

CHAPTER XXI

Mr. Meeks' Story

AFTER the dinner had been cleared away, the family went out on the porch to enjoy the twilight, when a machine drove into the grounds. Bennie hurried to see who it was, and quickly returned with Mr. Meeks, who greeted them very cordially and took a seat beside Mrs. Brighton.

During the past three years the friendship between the two families had been renewed, and Mr. and Mrs. Meeks frequently exchanged calls with Mrs. Brighton, always bringing added cheer into the Brighton home.

As Mr. Meeks sat down, Mrs. Brighton said to him: "I was just thinking about this wonderful evening. This is one of the most glorious sunsets I have ever seen."

"Yes," answered Mr. Meeks, "I have traveled abroad, but I think I have never seen more gorgeous sunsets than we have in this part of the country. I shall be perfectly contented if I can remain here always."

"That is the way we feel also," replied Mrs. Brighton; and the others hastily endorsed what their mother had said.

"I called this evening," said Mr. Meeks, "to see if you wished to renew the lease?"

"Oh, yes indeed—if we are privileged to do so," answered Mrs. Brighton. "Leonard has spoken of seeing you regarding this. I take it your daughter is not expected back very soon?"

"No; I have had a letter from her in which she says that her husband has entered into partnership with a well established firm in New York, and they have settled there. I felt so sure you would wish to remain that I have had these new papers made out."

As Mr. Meeks finished speaking he handed a large, bulky envelope to Mrs. Brighton, saying, "I believe the conditions in this lease will be satisfactory."

Mrs. Brighton took the papers from the envelope and began reading. "W-h-y—you have given me the wrong papers. This is not a lease," she said.

"But," answered Mr. Meeks with a happy smile, "I believe you will be satisfied with the conditions, quite as well, won't you?"

Mrs. Brighton read the document and handed it to Leonard. "Why, Mr. Meeks!" she said, "Why should you do this? We are not yet in a position to buy this property, and I know it is far more valuable than when we sold it."

"My dear Mrs. Brighton," said Mr. Meeks with emotion, "this property is yours—without money and without price. I have never told you the story of my life; but all that I am and all that I have, I owe to Thomas Brighton. This property, for which I have no further need as a home for my daughter, is but a

meager expression of my appreciation for a service your husband rendered me many years ago; and I feel to condemn myself bitterly that I have neglected you so long.

"I am glad your boys are here, for I believe it will be well for them to hear of my experience from my own lips. Young people cannot be too careful about their associates. There is not much danger of boys with the careful training that your boys have, being influenced by bad associates, for they shun that class; but my story may help them to so live that their influence may save a weaker brother, as their father's did.

"When I was a very young man I got into bad company. I had no mother and my father paid little attention to me, other than to see that I was properly clothed and fed. No one advised me nor watched my associates and, before I realized it, I allowed myself to smile at things of a very questionable nature. I had even agreed to take part in a scheme that had been instigated by one of my pals, when I met Tom Brighton. Something about him immediately won my respect. I liked him and enjoyed being with him, and we became fast friends.

"I finally confided to him the secrets that were beginning, under his influence, to burn my heart out, and I asked him to help me, as I truly feared my associates, if I withdrew from my part in the plot.

"This appealed to Tom and he took me into his own home, where for several months his mother was a mother to me. When the night arrived for the

perpetration of the crime, the boys were afraid to put it through because of my absence; but every one of that gang has since served a term in the penitentiary.

"About a year later I secured a position in another city, and there I became a respected citizen, husband and father, and all due to the influence of Tom Brighton."

When Mr. Meeks finished he arose to leave. He took Mrs. Brighton's hand in parting, and said, "This debt can never be fully paid in dollars and cents—I desire to be a real brother to you and to your children."

Mrs. Brighton was almost overcome with emotion. It was not a time for extended conversation, and, after expressing her gratitude as best she could, she accepted for herself and family an invitation to take dinner at the Meeks' home the following Sunday.

As the machine turned up the road, Bennie exclaimed: "Another Demonstration! Another Demonstration! My! Father didn't know just what he was doing, did he? Just think of it! He sowed a seed of kindness, and we reap a house and lot,—and all the fixings! Guess I'd better get busy to keep up with Dad!" and everybody laughed at Bennie's original way of expressing himself.

As soon as Mr. Meeks had left, Mrs. Brighton said, "Now children, this is a matter that concerns no one but ourselves. It is only right for us to regard Mr. Meeks' confidence as sacred. One of the most important lessons to be learned in the school of life, is to gain control over our speech. Never tell that

which is intrusted to your confidence, and never pry into the affairs of another to satisfy curiosity.

“ ‘To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.’ ”

Before Mr. Meeks' machine was out of hearing, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson called. Mrs. Brighton still held the large envelope in her hand, but did not mention it. She wished to weigh the matter very carefully in her own mind before she made any explanation regarding this wonderful gift, even to these friends who were so loyal and true. Coit had come with his parents and the two boys immediately went up stairs to study.

It was not unusual for the Wilson family to run in for an evening, and they were always most welcome. Leonard had learned to look to Mr. Wilson for counsel in all important matters, and Ruth had kept up a correspondence with Bertha which had helped to draw the two families closer together.

Ruth had prepared herself for teaching in the public schools; but in her heart she had always longed to teach in a school where the regular course of study might be supplemented by courses in Bible study, the principles of Truth, and Mind Unfoldment, and she had frequently expressed this wish at home.

For many years Mr. Wilson had owned a piece of unimproved property in what had become a very desirable section of the residential district, and shortly after Ruth left to enter Normal, Mrs. Wilson

conceived the idea of putting up a fine building on it to be used as a school house.

Mr. Wilson was greatly pleased with the idea, and immediately began making inquiries as to the cost of a suitable building. As Ruth entered her second year in Normal, plans were drawn, bids were called for, and finally the ground was broken for a beautiful Truth School of two stories and a finished basement. This was to be a graduation gift to Ruth when she returned from Normal.

Ruth had spent several week-ends at home during the construction of this building, but she seldom went to this particular neighborhood, and Andrew had been instructed not to drive that way when Ruth was riding.

The Brighton family had taken great interest in these plans, and Bertha and her mother were to be given a real place in the school. They had devoted themselves faithfully to the study of Truth under Mrs. Wilson's guidance, and to the study of the Bible under Dr. Brewster; and now they were well qualified to accept the positions offered them. Dr. Brewster entered into the plans heartily and agreed to accept the presidency. Leonard was to be made one of the directors.

After discussing these matters at some length, Mr. Wilson turned to Bertha and said, "Well, little girl, it begins to look like quite a school. What do you really think of it?"

"Oh, it is simply wonderful!" answered Bertha. "There is no change I could suggest. I know Ruth will just love it."

"Well, you dear girl," said Mrs. Wilson, "we have considered you and your mother quite as much as we have Ruth, for we need you both. Your mother now has a wonderful understanding of the Bible. Dr. Brewster feels that she will make an excellent Bible teacher, and make Bible study truly interesting to the children."

"Children do not seem to enjoy studying the Bible," continued Mrs. Wilson. "They are very fond of Bible stories, but few children have become sufficiently interested in the Truths contained therein to appreciate them. The Bible is so full of practical lessons that, when presented in accordance with the highest spiritual interpretation, it becomes truly fascinating."

"I predict great success for our Bible classes," said Mrs. Brighton modestly.

"Good!" said Mr. and Mrs. Wilson in the same breath; "And we could not have a more competent teacher," added Mr. Wilson. "According to your faith be it unto you."

"Oh! I have something to tell you," said Bertha; and, excusing herself, she went up stairs and returned with a letter in her hand. "I had a letter from Ruth today, and she enclosed a clipping from some Truth paper. I want to read it to you, for I just love it. It is a set of Affirmations on Self-Mastery. She has

learned them all, and I am studying them also. They are beautiful."

I am master of myself: I am centered and poised in my indwelling Christ.

I am master of myself: I think only God thoughts of living force and love.

I am master of myself: God thinks through me and gives me intelligence to thoroughly master every study and problem.

I am master of myself: Every atom and organ in my body radiates God health and strength.

I am master of myself: The habits of my mind and body, and the secret desires of my heart, are clean and wholesome in thy sight, O God!

I am master of myself: I master every circumstance in life, and continually gain confidence in my inherent powers as a child of God.

I am master of myself: God is my unfailing supply; all my affairs manifest Divine Order, Justice, and Abundance.

I am master of myself: God smiles through me, and the clasp of my hand and the glance of my eye bring the consciousness of God to all whom I meet.

I am master of myself: I am magnetized by Christ Love, and I draw unto myself worthy friends and companions.

I am master of myself: The joy of the Lord fills my home with blessedness, and my room is sweetened by the pure and satisfying rest of work well done.

I am master of myself: I have entered into thy perfection, and in body, soul, and spirit, I am filled with thy glory, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

As Bertha finished, she looked up into Mr. Wilson's face with such a sweet smile that he instantly realized the omnipresence of God manifesting through her.

"You are a dear girl," he said, "and you have a wonderful healing consciousness. You are so filled with love that it radiates from you the moment one comes into your presence, and that alone is healing.

"Love is God; and the more love one manifests, the more of God comes into outward expression. With-

out love, one shuts every avenue through which their good may come to them. But this love must be universal. We must love everybody, not merely those who are near and dear to us.

"There are those for whom we seem to have little real love, but we must remember that there is within everyone, the Christ, no matter what the outward appearance may be. 'Know ye not that ye are the temple of the living God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?'

"When we meet such a one, let us see only the Christ, and silently say to that one, 'The Christ in me loves the Christ in you.'

"Has one seemed to harm you, or to treat you unjustly? Still you can look to the Christ in that one, for in Christ there is only justice and love.

"Now add to this great love consciousness that you have, your understanding faith, and it is no wonder that God is using you mightily. Nothing is too hard for God."

CHAPTER XXII

Dr. Foster's Surprise

Shortly after this conversation with Mr. Wilson, the telephone rang and Leonard answered it. The call was for Bertha, and, as she stepped forward to receive the message, a strange feeling ran through her entire being. It seemed as if God had called her to come up higher, and she silently answered, "Yes, Father, here am I."

The call was from a lady whom she frequently met in Mrs. Wilson's classes. Her son, a boy of fourteen, had been taken violently ill and her husband had rushed for a physician. The case was pronounced appendicitis, and an immediate operation was imperative.

On the way to the hospital the appendix burst, the poison was scattered throughout the system, and the child was given but a few hours to live.

The mother, with a faith that was unwavering, believed that God could heal her boy, and, having great confidence in Bertha's spiritual understanding, had called upon her for the help she desired.

As Bertha listened to the message from this brave, true soul, who had turned her face steadfastly to the light, it seemed to her again that God was calling her to "come up higher." And when the mother said, "I know that you can heal my boy," Bertha re-

plied, "I, of myself, can do nothing—it is the Father within me, he doeth the works." Then, continuing, she said, "He is healed, praise God, he is healed. Your faith has made him whole. Jesus Christ is his physician."

As she hung up the receiver, she said silently, "Father this is your work. I am a willing instrument in your hands."

Long and earnestly, this group of consecrated souls united their consciousness in this Silence.

Bertha blessed the hospital and all its surroundings. She spoke the Word that the nurses were poised and full of faith. She blessed the doctors and the means they were using. She denied that fear could possess any in attendance. She spoke strong words of faith and courage to the mother. She surrounded the boy with a protecting wall of divine love, through which weak, sick, and fear thoughts could not penetrate. She spoke the Word for peace to all.

To the boy she said: "You are God's child, pure spirit, and no power can harm you. You are purged with hyssop and made clean, you are washed and made whiter than snow. You are the temple of the living God, and the purifying power of the Holy Spirit dissolves and casts out of your body every atom that is not sweet and holy. My dear little brother, no seeming evil thing can touch your life or deprive you of it. Your life is hid with Christ in God, and it is safe—safe—pure and holy. You respond to every word of Truth, to every thought of love, and to every means

'now being used for your recovery. Peace—peace—peace rests upon you all. You are healed, healed—Jesus Christ heals you and sets you free. You sleep sweetly this night, for so He giveth His beloved sleep, and the angels of God minister unto you. The peace of God that passeth all understanding rests upon you all. Amen.

“O Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me, and I know that thou always hearest me, because I ask in the name of Jesus Christ.”

Then she began singing, and the others promptly joined her—

“You’re healed, praise God, you’re healed,
Through consciousness you’re healed;
Through union with the source of life,
You’re healed, praise God, you’re healed.

You’re healed, praise God, you’re healed,
Through love, the truth, you’re healed;
Through God, the everlasting life,
You’re healed, praise God, you’re healed.”

For fully half an hour they sat in deep meditation, realizing the Omnipresent Power of Divine Love. Then, having the assurance from within that their prayers had been answered, Mrs. Wilson said, with great reverence: “IT IS FINISHED. Father, we thank Thee.”

During this period, the boy in the hospital had dropped to sleep, and he slept on quietly and peacefully, for Spirit was doing its perfect work.

A special nurse was beside his bed watching for the slightest movement; his mother was sitting in a chair near, holding thoughts of LIFE — LIFE — LIFE; but there was not a stir until the first rays of the morning sun crept through the open window and rested across the foot of the bed in which he lay.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes, smiled as he recognized his mother, and said, "Oh Mother, I am so hungry."

The nurse immediately prepared nourishment, and as he took it, he said, "My! but that tastes good."

When Dr. Foster arrived an hour later, Claud was begging for a real breakfast. His mother was careful not to interfere in any way with the management, but she was holding very strong thoughts that a little real food could not harm him.

The doctor made a careful examination and was amazed. "Well, I declare!" he said, "I have never met with a case like this in all my experience. The fever is gone and conditions are entirely changed. He has slept for eleven hours. It is beyond human understanding."

The mother, now overjoyed at the doctor's encouraging words, could keep quiet no longer. "You know Bertha Brighton," she said; "Perhaps she can explain the change."

The doctor stopped—looked at the boy again, and taking the mother's hands in his own, pressed them

firmly, and said, "God has healed your son. I could do nothing for him." Then, giving a few directions to the nurse, he left the room.

* * * * *

Oh! how the world, in its present darkness, needs just such physicians; big-hearted, consecrated men of faith in God; men who are not only highly trained as regular doctors, but who are spiritual and scientific enough to recognize that all the power there is, is God-power—apply it as we may; men who unite their highest understanding prayer with their finest skill, and then give God the glory.

While the world is being educated into the understanding of God and the unreality of evil, sickness, and misery, such physicians could be of inestimable value to mankind.

Moreover, they would be blessed with an efficiency and a success that doctors who depend wholly on material means, can never hope to attain.

"I am Jehovah that healeth thee."

CHAPTER XXIII

Dedication of Ruth's School

EXTENSIVE preparations had been made for Ruth's return. The whole house had been painted and thoroughly renovated, and here and there new furnishings had been added. Her room had been re-tinted, new draperies were hung at the windows, a new rug in soft shades of blue covered the floor, and a beautiful oak writing desk occupied a space near the window.

Edna had an unusual supply of goodies on the pantry shelves, and Andrew had rubbed and polished the automobile, until even Mr. Wilson had to admit that it looked like new.

Ruth's birthday came on the first of May and the Normal school did not close until the middle of June, so her eighteenth birthday party was about six weeks late; but this seemed to be the only arrangement that could be made. The invitations had been issued for the Friday following her return home, as the beautiful school building was to be dedicated on that night, and was to come as a surprise to her. For this reason her home coming was looked forward to with unusual interest by her many friends.

When the limousine drove up to the door, on its return trip from the graduation, it was long after

midnight, but Edna and Andrew were both awaiting the arrival of the family and Edna had light refreshments prepared.

While they were removing their wraps, Mrs. Wilson slipped into the dining room and placed under Ruth's plate an envelope addressed to "Miss Ruth Wilson." To make the surprise more complete it had been mailed and delivered by the postman, so that it would bear the regular post-mark.

All eyes were fastened on Ruth as she opened the envelope and pulled out a card on which was engraved:

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wilson request your presence, Friday, June 18, 1923, at eight P. M., at the dedicaion of a Truth School, to be conducted by their daughter, Ruth.
1645 Highland Drive.

Lecture by DR. H. L. BREWSTER.

Ruth read this over several times before she could comprehend its meaning. Then she turned to her father and said, "Why Daddy! This is where your lots are. What have you been doing?"

When it was explained that this school had been erected for her, as a means of bringing the little ones into the study of Truth, she was overjoyed, and, as she looked up at her mother with eyes full of love and gratitude, she exclaimed: "My birthday wish has come true! But I did not expect a school of my own." Then after a moment's meditation, she said, "Dear Dr. Brewster! How lovely for him to give the first

lecture in my school. I am so glad you have arranged it that way."

As it was very late, the Brighton family were immediately taken to their home, and Ruth was persuaded to wait until morning for further information regarding the surprise. The next day, about the middle of the forenoon, Mrs. Wilson called Bertha by phone and invited her and her mother to go with them to the new school.

Ruth was charmed with the style of architecture and with the large play-grounds. The building had been set well back on the lot, leaving ample space for the children in the front and on either side. As she approached the main entrance and saw the word, "T R U T H" over the door, she stepped back to meet her mother who was just behind her, and putting her arm around her said, "Mother dear, this is the happiest day of my life."

Upon entering the building she was bewildered. On one side of the large hall was an office, on the door of which was a card which read, "Ruth Wilson, Principal." Directly opposite this was a similar room, the door of which bore a card: "Bertha Brighton, Healer." Several other rooms had been left unassigned, but all were well equipped.

In the rear on the first floor, and opening from the hall by large sliding doors, was an auditorium that had a seating capacity of several hundred people. Comfortable chairs were already in place, and on the platform there was a fine piano, while an artistic



The Birthday Wish Comes True

drop-curtain suggested many a delightful hour by way of entertainment.

On the upper floor there were eight school rooms, provided with adjustable seats, blackboards, and convenient closets. The basement was finished as a gymnasium and winter play-room; in fact, everything had been done that could add to the comfort, health, and happiness of the children, even to a hot water heater and a long table which was to serve for a lunch table.

As Ruth passed from room to room through the building, she was deeply impressed with the thought and care that were in evidence everywhere, and over and over she said to herself, "How wonderful that God provides for every need. I feel perfectly secure when I know I shall be surrounded by such faith and love."

At last, the memorable evening arrived, and all arrangements for a successful dedication of the school was betokened by a spirit of genuine love and enthusiasm. Choicest flowers graced the stage, and the music, which was in charge of Mrs. Brewster, was inspiring and appropriate.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Brighton, Dr. and Mrs. Brewster, Ruth, Bertha, Bennie, Coit, and Leonard were on the stage, together with a chorus choir which had been largely recruited from Dr. Brewster's church. Mr. Wilson acted as chairman for the evening, and introduced the speaker.

The auditorium was filled to its capacity, and many were standing. An atmosphere of complete harmony prevailed, and the intense interest that was

manifested in all that was said and done showed that those present realized that they were witnessing, not only the dedication of a school building, but also the launching of a plan that was destined to play a most important part in the uplift of mankind.

After a solo and the singing of a hymn, Mr. Wilson read a few selections from the Bible. This he followed by a prayer that voiced such consecrated love and faith that the whole assemblage was lifted into a high state of consciousness.

He then said:

“Beloved friends: Our coming together tonight to dedicate this Truth school is fraught with possibilities for good which are of the highest import to the whole world. We are not here chiefly to dedicate a single school; we are here to acknowledge the power and love of God as supreme in mind, body, and affairs; to acknowledge God as the infinite intelligence from which all real intelligence springs; as the life of all life and the health of all health; as the Father of all men of every race, creed, and color; and to recognize His omnipresent law of love as the law by which all controversies must be dissolved, and all men and nations brought under the sweet reign of ‘peace on earth, good will toward men.’

“The Bible says the day is approaching when ‘the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.’ This school is the earnest of that happy time. The seed to be sown in this school shall bear the peacable fruits of righteousness

throughout eternity, and they will become life and power to all. Like the mustard seed of old, that which is being sown here tonight shall take root in the hearts of men and grow until its branches cover the earth.

“It is hardly fitting for me to speak words of commendation for those who have had the vision and the faith to make this possible. They have lived, and suffered, and believed, and prayed, and loved, and overcome, right in your midst. Healings have been made that equal many that were made by the great Master. Lives have been transformed, homes have been lifted out of distress and made the abode of happy abundance, and this entire city has been leavened to a degree by the leaven of Truth which these dear ones have been scattering—from the bright, shining love and faith of Bennie and Coit to the ripened understanding of Mrs. Wilson, whose great spiritual insight visioned this magnificent idea. We bless them all, we bless everyone in this audience, and we bless the speaker of the evening in the name of Jehovah.

“I humbly acknowledge the great privilege of introducing to you, Dr. Brewster, who is known to most of you, and who will now address you.”

Everyone in the community respected the sincerity of Dr. Brewster's life, and there was a momentary silence at the close of Mr. Wilson's remarks. This was followed by such a spontaneous burst of applause that the Doctor fully realized not only the sweetness of divine approval in all that he had done,

but also the blessing of knowing that he had the love and confidence of his neighbors and friends.

Stepping to the desk, Dr. Brewster said:

"Dear Friends: We have met here for the highest purpose known to man, the dedication of a school whose purpose is to help in the attainment of the highest scholarship, and in the unfoldment of the inherent divinity in the pupils who are so blessed as to become partakers of its teachings and ministrations.

"Truth is eternally the same, the Allness of God. Our conception of Truth is, or should be, a growing consciousness which responds to our mounting realization of it day by day, as we study and put into practice each fresh revelation of Truth that comes from within. This is not always so easy a thing to do as it sounds, especially with those who have been educated to fixed views of Truth. In my own life, it required much effort to overcome the warped convictions of my early training.

The highest education does not consist in the accumulation and classification of facts. Important as this is, and seemingly as necessary to our present welfare, nevertheless, such ability rests on something deeper and more profound than intellectual attainments, and the ability to coin such attainments into present comfort, dollars, or fame.

We do not minimize the need for the training of the intellect. Our present state of advancement has come from many ages of painstaking effort, every step of the way playing its part in the evolution of

mind. But the ultimate value of such education is in the development of a vehicle through which the Christ Mind in man can function; and not, as we have been taught, in the capacity to devise states of society, or to excel in any of its ordinary lines of activity.

All knowledge that is not founded on God, that does not come from God and lead to God, is transitory. God is mind, and there can be but one true science, God-science, or the science of God-mind. God permeates His whole creation, and whatever of knowledge helps to unfold the God in us and to us, is enduring knowledge. "God is love." We can only know God as we study God-love and apply it to all men and things. Any system of education that fails, in theory and practice, to realize universal divine love, is not God-science; falls far short of the mark of true knowledge and intelligence. God is the infinite harmony of all his works, and when we know God as such, and apply the principle of harmony to every condition in life, discord speedily gives place to perfect adjustment and divine accord in all things.

Christ Jesus said: "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God." Of the two, to know God is vastly more important than to know higher mathematics. The chemistry of mind far transcends the chemistry of matter. Divine mind functions in the realm of universal ideas. To transmute God-ideas into true thoughts is of supreme importance to the individual and to the world. To chart the heavens above is most commendable, but to chart the heavens within

is to unveil the very throne of peace, power, and glory.

Paul said: "Whether there be knowledge it shall be done away;" and yet, schools, libraries, and universities are multiplying rapidly and the increase of knowledge is amazing. What Paul implies in the statement is this: Whether there be knowledge that is not of God it shall be done away; and the briefest consideration will show this to be true. Thus, "Love is the fulfilling of the law,"—of all law. God is love and God is law. Love then is the only true law, and before it all law or laws that are not of God must vanish.

Human intelligence has multiplied human knowledge, multiplied human laws, multiplied human greed of gold and power, multiplied human armies, navies, and means of destruction, multiplied human poverty, misery, sickness, and death. None of these things is found in God-science, or comes under the sweet rule of the law of love. Never was human knowledge so great and so widely diffused as it is today; and never has human turbulence and misery engulfed so many as it does today. The earth is quivering under the strain of false, violent thinking, and vast areas of desolation follow in its wake. The very arrogance of man in leaving God out of his counsels not only prophesies the self-destruction of the unreal conditions of the day, but also unmistakably emphasizes the imperative need for a system of education that is based on God.

In his wonderful vision of the new age that is dawning, John the Revelator said:

“And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more.”

From his exile home on the island of Patmos, the inspired patriarch gazed down upon the Great Sea, the avenue over which the Roman soldiers went to the destruction of Jerusalem with unutterable woes. But looking forward to the time when God's kingdom should reign supreme on earth, he exclaimed, “The sea is no more!” That is, there shall no longer be an avenue over which trouble can come to us.

As we come into the knowledge of God, we close the avenues of trouble, one by one.

In a letter to his beloved disciple, Timothy, Paul wrote:

“Exercise thyself unto godliness; for bodily exercise profiteth for a little (time); but godliness is profitable for all things:”

We do not undervalue a reasonable amount of bodily exercise, especially when it is entered into in a spirit of gladness, play. It certainly does stimulate the body “for a little,” as Paul says. But bodily exercise, of itself, has utterly failed to close the avenues over which sickness comes to us; it is not a sovereign panacea for all diseases. I have read that men have invented 20,000 remedies for diseases, and no one knows how many diseases to fit the remedies. Is it possible to close the avenues over which sickness comes to us?

Paul says, “Godliness is profitable for all things;” and it certainly is extremely profitable for health.

Godliness is health. To know God is to close the avenues to disease; to live only in the consciousness of divine perfection in body, soul, and spirit. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The happiest, healthiest, and longest lived people on earth, are those who exercise themselves unto godliness and feed on divine ideas. Under the teachings of Truth thousands daily are closing the avenues to sickness, passing from death unto life; from miserable impotence into abounding strength and usefulness. Many, like Joshua of old, are bidding a descending sun of life stand still while they renew their youth and multiply their years of joyous service to God and humanity.

These things are too well known to merit argument. Truth needs no defense, no apology. The humanly wisest and most creedal world man has known has passed through its most appalling war and its more appalling accompanying plague. When will man learn that God alone is supreme, that his power is the only power, that it is always available for every condition in life without stint or measure, and that they are one with God, made in his image and likeness, and that God, their Father, is anxious to pour of his infinite intelligence and the beauty of his transcendent Being through them? When will men learn that as we sow in mind, so we shall reap in our lives and affairs? When will men learn that understanding is of God, and that life, peace, progress, follow true thinking as light the sun?

In all this universe there is but one real mind, and that is God-mind. The total of all knowledge is

this, that God is all and God is good, and that as his children we are eternally one with God, and that as we live and move and have our being in him, so he lives and moves and has his being in us. What knowledge is comparable to such knowledge? And yet what secular school stresses, or even systematically teaches God's indissoluble relation to us as our Father, with all that that implies?—a truth that is indispensable to all right knowledge and the very source from which all that is dear to the heart of man springs.

Jesus Christ was the most scientific man that ever trod the earth. We hail him as our only hope, and then we close the doors of our schools upon him through the petty fears of sectarian preferences. Destroy all libraries and leave to mankind the words of Jesus Christ and the world will be rich; but as we banish the plain teachings of Jesus Christ from our schools we open the doors of society to every evil that corrupt and greedy imaginations can conceive of. All the words of the Great Master should be emblazoned on the walls of every school in letters of gold.

Let no one think we are pleading for a lower standard of efficiency in academic studies. On the contrary we are pleading for a higher standard of scholarship than the world has known. God only is intelligence, and all real intelligence emanates from him. All men have access to divine intelligence. Emerson well says: "Man is an inlet to God, and to all of God." Divine intelligence is absolutely imper-

sonal and permeates all things. To the crystal it is the unconscious law that endows it with the powers of attraction, selection, and cohesion. In a larger measure it guards and guides the vegetable kingdom in its mission of beauty and blessing. It pervades all animal life with an instinct that almost verges reason; while in man it shines forth in the glories of conscious selection and marvelous reasoning powers "All things come of thee, O God!" and Thy infinite mind, the mind of love and power, impels Thy whole creation.

When we unify ourselves with this omnipresent divine intelligence that ever stands at attention awaiting our bidding, studies and problems that seem intricate and hard to the purely human mind are grasped and solved with astonishing ease and thoroughness. We could multiply instances where pupils in an incredibly short time have passed from seeming stupidity to brilliancy in their studies. We will mention one instance, that of a little orphan girl of ten who was adopted into a Truth family. At that time her standing in arithmetic was from fifteen to twenty per cent, and she was looked upon as almost hopeless. In two years' time, with but the slightest help in the home aside from the Truth atmosphere in which she lived, she led her class in a large city school, in this subject. We will add one other instance, that of a man who at twenty-one did not know his letters. About that time he found his God, and in finding his God he found himself and set into operation the divine

forces which are the inherent birthright of all men. Study became as play to him, and in ten years' time he had risen to be the principal of a large city school.

“O that men would praise God for his goodness; for his wonderful works to the children of men.” “O Jehovah, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings has thou established strength. What is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man that thou visiteth him? For thou has made him but little lower than God, and crownest him with glory and honor.”

But there is another profound reason why the highest results, the truest conclusions in our studies and researches can come to us over no other path than that of the right understanding of God and his relationship to the universe. All religions and schools of thought are agreed in this truth, which is fundamental to all truth, that God alone is the great causeless cause of all things visible and invisible. The Divine plans, the blue-prints of Infinity, are stamped on all things, from an atom to a solar system. When we come into the knowledge and understanding of God; when we acknowledge and recognize Him as the only Cause; when we base all our deductions on Him; life and the universe will cease to be a riddle, subject to all manner of guesses by all manner of philosophers, for we shall then be building on the sure foundation of Cause instead of working in the, to us, uncertain realm of effects. What has been well

termed the "philosophy of despair" will then no longer warp and poison the minds of our youth in our great universities, nor will the uncertain age of a bone or a skull lead to childish quibbling when we should all be alive to the presence of God in all his works. Time is a human invention and has no part in the Divine-mind or in the life of man.

But far exceeding all other reasons why we should make God-science the supreme study and fundamental to all other studies, is that only in so doing can we build characters that are true and enduring; and surely this is the end toward which all study should be directed. We would not detract from the efforts of our magnificent public school system, nor from the efforts of our magnificent church systems; but somehow, somewhere along the line we have fallen far short of the glory of God and the good of the race. The sanctity of life is of paramount importance. Education that fails to inculcate sterling integrity in the conduct of all affairs, and that fails to mould the tender minds of the young into channels of irrefragible morality, is pernicious. It would be better to revert to the stern virtues of many tribes that in our overweening assumption of superiority we call savage tribes, than to continue in a state of society that is honeycombed with loose morals.

We have strong faith that the opening of this school is the harbinger of many such schools—Schools of Character they might well be termed, for in every such school God will be preeminent, and righteousness

in life and conduct will be taught as the test of fitness for both public and private life, and the ultimate standard by which scholarship shall be gauged. Moreover, not the least benefits that will accrue from the teachings that children will thus receive, will be a growing, instead of a waning, regard for law, honor to parents, reverence for things holy, and genuine consideration for all efforts to uplift the race.

Dear friends, the smile of the Great Father rests upon your worthy efforts and noble purposes. Some of you, who have been trained in the crucibles of adversity and sickness, have proven that in the light of Truth such crucibles may be speedily transmuted into golden vials of love, health, abundance, and happiness. Step by step in your studies and experiences, you have been in process of preparation for this epochal hour; and because you have faithfully listened to the Voice, and have followed the Light as it has come to you, God has conferred upon you the glorious responsibility and privilege of opening this school for the training of His little children in Truth.

Let us pray a prayer for service:

Hold thou my hand, O God, and help me to ever live in the consciousness of Thy unchanging presence. May Thy task to me, whether it leads through sparse valleys or into ways of fleeting fame, be unto me the sweetest task this universe contains. Help me to strive not for reward, save the reward of loving and doing. Adjust my sight to Thy ages that I may be girded with patience, nor ever selfishly seek to hasten

the processes of Thy perfect law in my unfoldment. May my deepest desire toward Thee be hands and feet of willingness, a heart of love, and a mind of faith. Help me to see Thy life in all life, and Thy beauty in the most belated of Thy little children. O thou Christ of God, purify me in the crucible of Thy love, that I also may bear into the busy marts of the world, and into its highways and byways, the manna of Thy consolations and supply. Help me to so lift Thee up, O Christ, that many may be drawn unto Thee. Amen."

When Dr. Brewster took his seat, the choir sang—

"Open my eyes that I may see,
Glimpses of Truth, thou hast for me,
Place in my hands the wonderful key
That shall unclasp and set me free.
Silently now, I wait for Thee,
Ready, my God, thy Will to see,
Open my eyes, illumine me, Spirit Divine."

As the last note died away, Mr. Wilson again stepped forward and said:

"This building, and every room in it, is dedicated to the service of God, and to the highest education of humanity. All instruction will be given in the spirit of love and directed by Infinite Intelligence. Peace, joy, and prosperity abound herein."

Mr. Wilson then asked Dr. Brewster to pronounce the benediction, after which the audience was invited to inspect the building.

As Bertha and Ruth passed out, Dr. Foster stopped them. He greeted Ruth cordially, and when he took Bertha's hand, he said, "Well, little girl, I have come to thank you for all you have tried to do for me during the last six years.

"Oh, Dr. Foster!" exclaimed Bertha, as they entered the hall, "Do you really mean that you are—"

"Yes, I mean that I now recognize God as the only power that could have healed either you or Claud Wood. You have something that I have not, and I am ready to devote myself to finding out what it is. Dr. Brewster has tried to talk to me, but I would not listen to him. I enjoyed every word he said tonight, and from now on, I shall look to him as my spiritual advisor."

"Oh, Doctor, was Claud your patient?" asked Bertha eagerly. "How wonderfully God carries out his plans"

"Yes, Bertha, Claud was my patient, and, but for you, his brave mother would now be childless. I know it was God that did the healing," he added, as Bertha raised her hand as if to stop him.

"Yes; God and his mother's faith," said Bertha; "and these together will heal any one."

After a little further conversation with Bertha, Dr. Foster turned to Ruth, and jokingly said, "You had better reserve one of these rooms for me. I may be ready for it sooner than you think."

"Good!" answered Ruth. "Nothing would give me more pleasure. Henceforth, one room shall be

known as Dr. Foster's room, and you are welcome to it as a study. I shall look forward to having on the door as your sign—

A. H. FOSTER,
Spiritual Teacher and Healer."

CHAPTER XXIV

The Cross of Light

RUTH discontinued her birthday parties after she had passed her eighteenth birthday, but the date was remembered by many of her closest friends who had grown up with her, and whose lives had been moulded, more than they realized, by the wonderful influence of her beautiful character.

Among her friends, none had been more loyal and true than Leonard Brighton. His duties as a Director of the Truth School had kept him much in her company, and her love for Bertha and her mother had brought her intimately into the Brighton home.

On one side of the Wilson grounds there was an arbor covered with rose vines, and, at this season of the year, the perfume from the myriad of small pink blossoms made it most enticing. In her early childhood, Ruth had styled it her "Grotto," and had imagined all kinds of rocks and rills and rustic benches, as she and her little friends had played "lady" with their dolls in this fairy park, pretending that they were real children.

She later sought the spot for meditation and relaxation, and reverently called it her shrine, for in it she spent many hours in prayer, seeking the guidance of Divine Wisdom, that every detail of her school

work might be conducted in accord with her highest ideals.

When the days arrived that marked the passing of the years, she recalled her many blessings with praise and thanksgiving, and bowed her head in humble recognition of the marvelous works that had been done, through her efforts, in the Master's name.

Once again she sat there in deep meditation when she heard footsteps, and upon looking up, she saw Leonard approaching the entrance to the arbor.

"Oh, I am sorry if I have disturbed you," he said; "but this is your birthday night, and it is such a charming evening I could not remain away."

"Why should you remain away?" promptly answered Ruth. "Your presence always gives me strength; and when I am considering any serious problem, I love to know that you are near."

"Ruth, I am glad you said that, for I have absolute faith in your sincerity;" replied Leonard, taking her hand between both of his own. "For years there has been growing in my heart a great love for you. You have long known this, but I would not even now speak of it to you if I did not believe you would be happier and stronger for sharing in it.

"I long to have you for my sacred wife, but if you feel there is aught of selfishness lurking in my heart, let me continue striving and overcoming alone, as I have faithfully tried to do during the many years I have known you."

Ruth did not reply. She sat in deep thought for a moment, and then asked to be excused for a little

and went to her room. She turned her thoughts to God—to the Indwelling Presence within her own soul, and dropped to her knees in humble recognition of the great power that was stirring within her. She prayed that she might have strength to remain true to herself and to her God.

Returning to the arbor, she looked up into Leonard's manly face, and said, "Leonard, six years ago today I promised God to become a willing worker in His vineyard, and for three years I devoted myself to preparation for the work. You know how wonderfully our school has been blessed, and how our high standard of scholarship is recognized by even the Superintendent of Public Schools. You know of the marvelous healings that have come through our ministry, and of the change that has been wrought in the lives and in the homes of hundreds of our brothers and sisters in Christ. This is my life work, and I must not turn away from it for personal enjoyment. I must keep my pledge.

"I have long had the highest regard for your noble character and your unselfish service to your dear ones, and I have every confidence in you as a man. My love for you has naught to do with the gratification of selfish desires but is based wholly upon the uprightness and purity of your life.

"The marriage vow is taken, all too frequently, without sufficient understanding of its sacred obligations. True marriage should be a union of two souls, working, loving, striving under Divine Guidance.

"The human wrecks that are strewn about us, the broken homes, the nervous, wayward, pleasure-seeking childhood of multitudes of God's little ones, and of society in general, are the result of ignorance. The world is seeking God but does not know it, and so it is looking for satisfaction in the highways and byways of material pleasure, only to find failure and disappointment at each turn of the road.

"As the light-house sends forth its rays to guide the storm-tossed mariner, so I must continue to guide the young to the King's highway of health and happiness through divine understanding.

"There is but one condition upon which I can give you the answer you desire. Are you ready to continue with me in my efforts to bring suffering humanity to a consciousness of their indwelling Christ? It may mean many a sacrifice on your part, but we both know true happiness can only come through obedience to the Divine Will."

As Ruth turned more directly toward him, a light rested upon her countenance, and Leonard stood as one transfixed. It seemed to him that this was holy ground, and when she finished speaking, he looked straight into the depths of her blue eyes and said, "Yes, Ruth, I am ready to go with you every step of the way, even to the very throne of God."

The light had shone from the large, revolving cross that rose far above Ruth's school, the gift of a grateful parent. Reaching from arm to arm on one side, in letters of light, was the one word, "TRUTH."

They stood in simple adoration and silently dedicated themselves anew to the Christ, and, as they gazed, the cross slowly turned, showing the opposite side on the standard of which from top to base were the divine words, "OUR FATHER," and on the cross-bar, humanity's words, "MY BROTHER,"—God and man, one—eternally One!

THE END

